★ JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 23, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1797

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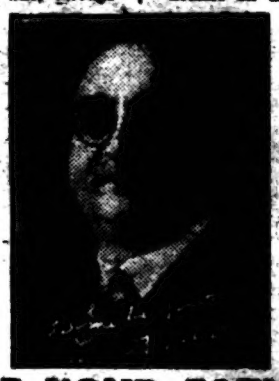

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J. H. Bennett

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 23, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

STILL NOT DOING OUR BEST!

IN his promise of aid for the valiant Greeks, Mr. Churchill has vowed that "We shall do our best."

But a world war will not be won on the rocky passes or sunny plains of Greece. It must be won in the foundries and workshops, the barracks and homes of Britain.

And the Prime Minister cannot yet say, "We are doing our best."

Slow-Motion Strategy

We know that he and many of his colleagues stretch their working day far into the midnight hours. We know that the Services are doing a whole-hearted 300 the clock round.

But the total effort is not on the national scale that the immensity of the task before us demands.

Britain is not yet geared for war. Machines are not running at full capacity. There is no work for many of our people. There are still luxury and waste.

Lost Calendar

In the speech that was marred by R.A.F. bombs, Hitler boasted of Germany's efforts since the fall of France.

"Not a single hour has been lost. The time will come when the gentlemen who have been occupying the whole world with their mouths will have to resist with arms. Then we shall see who has made better use of all these months—we or they."

Once before he made the boast. It was justified by triumphs in Denmark and Norway, Belgium, Holland and France.

Since then we, too, have not been idle. But we cannot claim that not an hour has been lost. A calendar of hours is still lost to our war effort each day.

Half-Hearted

We have twenty-four centres to train toolmakers. Germany has two hundred.

It is said that we are short of instructors. No doubt. No other explanation is possible for the letters from trainees to JOHN BULL.

One man had to badger the manager in order to get tuition. Then he was told to watch another trainee, whose work had to be relegated to the scrap heap.

After ten weeks of fitful "instruction," this man was sent as lathe operator to a factory which had no lathe for him to use. So now he's unemployed again.

Round Pegs, Square Holes

Yes, there is a shortage of toolmakers and instructors. But not in the Army.

Typical of many soldiers is a toolmaker who for the last three months has served in an officers' mess. A firm that has applied for his release has not even been given the courtesy of an answer.

Do not these round-pegs-in-square-holes waste their skill, the nation's money, and the time that is so vital a factor of modern war?

Wasted Talent

It would be folly to deprive the Army of men urgently needed for military training. But it is no less grave a folly to leave khaki-clad mechanics, farm hands, housebreakers and gardeners in barrack jobs that the unskilled could fill.

It is preposterous to leave aliens of great learning in concentration camps—or in idleness outside—when their knowledge could be employed in our foreign propaganda.

Who can claim that we are doing our best when we tolerate such crazy squandering of brains and hands?

Bad Psychology

Even the Prime Minister, for all his shrewdness, squanders words when he assures the oppressed nations that "all, all shall be restored."

Only a handful of the rich in Europe wish to see the old order restored. It is not the British public alone that seeks a new social structure, a more stable Peace.

To suggest otherwise is bad diplomacy. Indeed, British diplomacy has been disastrous before and since war's declaration. It has been left to the ill-armed Greeks to win the only Allied military success on land.

Now's Our Chance

Now we have a great opportunity to make amends. By striking at Italy with all our main, as we did at Taranto. By aiding Greece. By a vigorous propaganda offensive.

But the British public must be allowed to play its part.

For fifteen months of war, the daily life of most citizens has scarcely been touched. We have to make do with a smaller butter ration, travel inconveniences, and to spend a certain amount of time under cover.

Waiting for Orders

We believe the public is willing and eager to do much more in the cause of Victory.

But the Government must first make up its mind about what it wants. There is muddle because the Government is muddled.

It must speed up co-operation in war activities, cut out red tape, abolish circumlocution.

It must lay down a long-range plan and see that no local laggards or incompetents are allowed to impede it.

Spanner in the Cogs

Infamous that, at this stage of the war, vital war work is still held up because the workers are getting "too much overtime."

True, overtime does not—in the long run—help output, but until more operatives can be trained output must not suffer becase skilled workers are getting paid for what they do.

Wicked that a minority of workers are allowed to slack, in defiance of the wishes of the majority.

Preposterous that JOHN BULL receives reports each week of idle machines and trained men who are forced to loaf!

Shame!

Consider one example of this wasted man-power. A moulder found work as a riveter, but no longer has enough to do. He has therefore been downgraded as a labourer, so his wages have fallen by 25 per cent.

The foreman is at a loss to find jobs for his mates, the manager admits it is a "shame" to see skilled men forced to idle.

Yet the ex-moulder is refused permission to return to his old job.

This instance is symptomatic of much that is wrong with our war industry.

Roll Up Our Sleeves!

Do not think that JOHN BULL is forgetful of the great achievements wrought by the present Government. But how much greater would they have been had the Government demanded more from the people! How much greater they must be made before Hitlerism can be crushed!

"We shall do our best" has too long been the mark of our war progress.

Soon we must be able to say, with conviction and satisfaction, "We ARE doing our best."

(Continued overleaf)

Vichy Fears this Rebel

Weygand, in revolt against Vichy, is making Hitler crimson with anger.

Weygand, not Pétain, has caused the "peace agreement" between France and Germany to be indefinitely postponed.

Sent to Morocco to make sure there would be no opposition to a gigantic carve-up of the French Empire, he found no trace of the Vichy defeatism.

In his talks with military and political chiefs he found instead a firm belief that France need not submit to the Axis plan.

General Nogues, Governor-General of Morocco, made it clear that he was opposed to Laval's policy of grovelling to Hitler.

Weygand did not carry out the intentions of his mission. On the contrary, he wrote a newspaper article rejecting all idea of a dishonourable peace.

The Germans were furious. Vichy ordered him to return at once. He refused.

Finally, General Nogues agreed to go to Vichy for a "vital conference."

There he has maintained his standpoint.

While Germans were sweeping into France, Weygand would not throw all his forces against them lest he should need divisions to suppress Red risings behind the lines.

Now he remains in Morocco—hoping for a rebirth of France.

So keep your eye on his next move!

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FOR EVERY 'JOHN BULL' READER

Money Goes Back to the Bank: Ministry Census is Secret Bid to Help Poor: Mr. Bevin says, "Hurry Up!": Purchase Tax Hits Export Trade: Tank-Minded Brass Hat Sent into Retirement: Trouble Over Army Rations

POINTER to public confidence is the return of £20,000,000 in £1 and 10s. notes to the banks in the last six weeks.

Evidently people no longer think it necessary to carry emergency reserves for fear of invasion.

Contrast is the stern warning to Germans that they should not draw out their savings, and that those who do so must be ranked as enemies of the State!

Government Snoop

Silent Census is being held by three Government Departments—a survey of towns and villages whose populations have been swollen by evacuation from the cities.

Object is to remedy shortages of food, clothing, babies' requirements and household utensils.

There should be no ill-clothed or poorly fed people this winter.

Releasing Workers

Experts have been told to hurry in working out Mr. Bevin's proposal to pension off the aged and unfit from the unemployment register—one of the war's best reforms.

Already in operation is another Ministry of Labour idea—a plan to minimise air raid interference with vital production

Expected soon is a further curtailment of unessential industries to release workers for war jobs.

Purchase Tax Evil

On the debit side of the ledger is a falling-off in exports to U.S.A. because of our Purchase Tax.

In Britain, one firm of multiple tailors keeps to the old prices but affixes a tag to each suit stating the extra that must be paid for tax.

If the same idea were applied to our exports, would United States revenue authorities agree to charge import duties only on the original prices, instead of including the Purchase Tax in their calculations?

Capt. Lyttelton, Board of Trade chief, might find out.

Shelved Brass Hats

Capt. Liddell Hart's new book describes how a British general, whose theories of mechanical warfare were adopted by the Germans, was deliberately shelved while Hitler's mechanised columns were sweeping through France.

He recalls that another tank-minded general, Alan Brooke, was succeeded by a cavalryman when he left the Armoured Division.

Melancholy truth!

But General Sir Alan Brooke is now our Soldier No. 1 and is building up a fully mechanised, seventy-miles-a-day army.

Minor but wise change is also in progress—transference of county regiments to their home districts to keep the men at the peak of contentment, keenness and smartness.

You Dare Shout!

Stricter watch should be kept on the distribution of rations in the Army.

In one unit the men have not seen any butter for weeks; at a mess a few miles away the men can help themselves to unlimited supplies.

It is notorious that the standard of food varies widely in different units, but in some places the orderly officer's shout, "Any complaints?" is still accompanied by a fierce glare that seems to say, "You dare!"

Plenty in Stock

When they receive their first outfit some recruits are given second-hand underwear—and refuse to accept them on the grounds of hygiene.

Other soldiers complain that they have been waiting six months for kit shortages to be made up, and possess only one battledress in the last stage of wear.

homes have been bombed is resulting in anomalies. Some get only twelve or twenty-four hours, some thirty-six or even a few days—all depends on the commanding officer.

Will not the War Office give some indication on the subject?

Black-Out Caps

Australian naval men serving with the British Fleet here are upset at having their white caps banned on the excuse that the latter are too conspicuous in the black-out.

Why not issue return tickets on 'buses during the morning peak hours and reserve evening 'buses for their holders?

Penalised by Blitz

Not the importation of provincial 'buses alone will solve the capital's traffic problem, which causes inconvenience to many and hardship to some.

One of the latter is a suburban dweller who, despite all his efforts at punctuality, has been late several times at his London office.

He has now been sacked by his firm's Bradford headquarters.

We need hardly say that the official responsible has not visited London since the "blitz" began and can have no knowledge of the Londoners' daily scramble to work.

Air Raid Injured

Sympathise with a Norfolk reader whose two children were killed and his wife injured in an air raid.

His wife's claim for compensation has been denied, he thinks, because a British shell and not a Nazi bomb pierced his Anderson shelter.

Not so. A "war injury" is one caused either by enemy action or by combating enemy action. But a housewife is not eligible because she is not "gainfully employed."

An injured child becomes eligible for pension when he becomes fifteen and his disablement affects his capacity to support himself.

Doubtful Points

Let us clear another point that seems to be causing misapprehension.

Local councils have power to pay all or part of the cost of moving furniture from damaged houses even when the new billet has been found by the householder himself instead of the billeting officer.

More than that.

You can apply for this assistance if you decide to evacuate from a heavily bombed area even though your house has not been damaged.

No Milk Shortage

Children are unable to obtain milk at many schools, despite the Government's anxiety to safeguard the supply.

Middlesex Education Committee is holding a special enquiry into the position.

Milk combines are said to be having difficulty in obtaining bottles and labour for bottling.

The first could surely be met by bulk deliveries.

The second by employing some of the 301,495 women registered as unemployed.

Is it Women's Work?

London women and children, evacuated under the official scheme, have been escorted on their journey by bearded and sandalled young men.

These are conscientious objectors who disliked the land work they had been ordered to accept in lieu of military service. Complaint is made that they have been spreading pacifist propaganda among the evacuation parties.

The first to defend their freedom of thought, JOHN BULL wants to know why these youths were allowed to relinquish their jobs on the land and be employed on work more suitable for women?

Behind the News

● **While not underestimating any new Nazi-Soviet agreement, neither Britain nor America will be panicked by bombastic claims of Nazi diplomatic triumphs.**

● *Special reason is Spanish hatred of Communism. The closer the Nazi-Soviet contacts, the less is Catholic Spain likely to join them and the greater the delay to Germany's western European plans.*

● **Another reason is that Anglo-American war potential is rapidly reaching the stage when it will exceed the total production—both in numbers and quality—of any group of potential enemies.**

● **Success of De Gaulle's new strategy in French West Africa has short-circuited many Nazi schemes which were being pushed forward in connection with the occupation of Dakar. You may soon hear that another German strategic drive that has been well boosted by Goebbels inside Germany has, like the invasion of England, been indefinitely postponed.**

● *Italian end of the Axis is being ignored by Berlin. The hold-up of Graziani in Libya, defeats in Greece and the R.A.F. trouncing of Italian airmen and bases has increased the anxieties of the Nazi High Command about the future.*

● **Powerful section of Hitler's advisers now believe that easier terms to France will pay them better when the next peace offensive is launched than threats to Britain based on the military ability of and the alliance with Italy.**

● **There is depression in Rome caused by a new fear that Germany is considering only two alternatives about Italy—either annexation or letting Mussolini carry out a losing Mediterranean war while Hitler makes other plans to safeguard himself.**

● *Rumanian earthquake, intensified British blockade from Greek bases and increased requirements of the Germans have created dangerous shortage not only in Italian petrol stocks, but in coal, food and other reserves.*

● **How badly the Nazis are troubled by obstructiveness in occupied territories may be gauged from their latest admission that it has been found necessary to maintain "holding" armies of not less than 10 per cent. of the total disarmed population. In Holland and Norway the garrisons are at least 15 per cent.**

Not the War Office, but commanding officers must be blamed.

Ample supplies are in store.

What Does It Mean?

Odd question, alleged to have been put to a young N.C.O. who sought a commission: "What effect would the granting of Home Rule to India have on the Maoris in New Zealand?"

The young man, more at ease when dealing with time-bombs, made a wild—and lucky—shot at the answer.

"Make them want their own independence," he said.

Unless this means that the Army wants officers with the "right" brand of politics, such questions should be avoided.

Leave Taking!

The week's last Army topic reminds us that no present-day soldier talks of "furlough." But he'd like more of it, naturally.

We hear of men with nine months' service who cannot obtain leave.

Something wrong, there.

Compassionate leave for men whose

A feeble excuse!

Worse is that these lads, given their first leave in London, are not told where to find the organisations specially formed to look after them.

Surely British friendliness is not so cold as officialdom makes it appear?

Bravo, Bicyclists

Aloof officialdom has at last begun to realise that bicyclists have their use in war time.

Both men and women are answering the National Cyclists' Union appeal for volunteers and serving the police, A.R.P., Home Guards, Ministry of Information and animal welfare centres by keeping communications open when other methods break down.

That they are also relieving the strain on rail and road systems during rush-hours is perhaps not less important.

Shoppers in the Way

The strain might be further relieved in London by banning shoppers from travelling with their bulky packages during the workers' homeward rush.

MORE than our SKINS

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

NOT once, but many times since this hideous war started, JOHN BULL has besought the Government to define its war aims, if not in regard to Europe, at least in regard to the future of our own country.

Our leaders have never thought the time ripe for such a definition. We don't agree with them. We think that ideals, like apples, tend to decay in cold storage.

But we know, without a peradventure, that peoples of the British Commonwealth are fighting for nothing less than the broad principles of Democracy.

They will not "do a deal" with the Devil of Dictatorship. They will not sell their souls for a cheap respite from an inevitable damnation.

They are out to smash Hitler because "Hitlerism" is less tolerable than death.

What do *you* understand by "Democracy?" Forget that it has ever been used as a political label. Ignore the special and narrow interpretations which some politicians choose to give it.

JOHN BULL understands the word as meaning "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

We accept it as the only political system which promotes mankind's peaceful progress towards a safer and a happier life.

We recognise "the inalienable right" of all men and women in every country to happiness and security.

The Devil has no honour. His bond is worthless; his promises are empty; he does not buy souls—he steals them by false pretences.

And there are no "honest brokers" between the Devil and the free peoples. Those who are not for us are against us.

In many minds the suspicion lingers that some of Mr. Churchill's Ministers, survivors from the wreck of the "appeasement" policy, may still be tempted to bargain with devils great or small.

Whether that suspicion is or is not wholly unfounded, we have the pledge of Mr. Ernest Bevin—as staunch a democrat as ever rose from the ranks to high office—that he will not put up with any nonsense of that kind.

He has declared that, should he ever have cause to suspect a betrayal of our democratic cause, witting or unwitting, he would immediately and unhesitatingly denounce the guilty man or men.

Let that suffice to dispel doubts of our leaders' honest purpose. Like Mr. Bevin himself, JOHN BULL reserves the right to criticise and, if necessary, to denounce.

We do denounce, here and now, a multitude of men and women who are hindering the national effort by utterly "undemocratic" conduct.

Among this multitude, which is still no more than a small minority, we name in the first place all who seek to make profit out of their homeless neighbours' misfortunes and necessities.

THIS scandal is exposed to-day in our article on "Evacuees"—an investigation of one of the most difficult social and economic problems of the war.

It calls for the urgent attention of the Government, and drastic action should be taken to prevent profiteering in any shape or form.

HOUSES *ARE* BEING LET AND SOLD AT EXTORTIONATE PRICES. HOTELS *ARE* PICKING AND CHOOSING THEIR CUSTOMERS, AND GREEDY HOUSEHOLDERS *ARE* HASTENING TO TAKE IN "PAYING GUESTS" IN ORDER TO FORESTALL THE BILLETING OFFICERS.

GREED OF THIS KIND IS THE NEGATION OF ALL THAT DEMOCRACY STANDS FOR.

IT IS A BETRAYAL OF OUR CAUSE.

Then there are thousands of contemptible "tax dodgers." Traders are making fat profits for themselves by evading the law and compelling the public to pay increased prices for stock that is *not* subject to the Purchase Tax.

"Experts," hired by rich men to find every legal loophole in the Income Tax provisions, have never been busier.

Those who are not for us are against us, and we denounce the tax-dodger as a secret enemy.

Discipline is called for in many other ways. The black-out regulations form one of them and, in the public interest, they must be severely enforced.

They are *not* being adequately enforced by some of the Service authorities, and this is all the more serious because the Services ought to set civilians a good example.

Reports reach us from many quarters of military billets that are brazenly lit after dark.

Residents in the same neighbourhood are frightened and indignant, but the civil authorities have no power to act.

WE believe that the troops are less to blame than their officers, and the officers, in many instances, less to blame than the War Office.

For it appears that often, when fresh billets are occupied, no adequate material is supplied with which to black them out, and troops have even had to use their overcoats as make-shift blinds.

In military parlance, "this practice must cease."

The War Office should make an investigation. Here again, one of the major principles of democracy is that the law shall apply to all alike, as well to the governors as to the governed.

Even in the midst of war's grim necessities we need, as a free people, to keep constant watch on our larger liberties—the freedom of Parliament, of the newspapers, and, as far as possible, of the individual.

The Government should publish forthwith the full particulars of the agreement that it has made with the railways.

Until it does so, and, perhaps, even afterwards, we shall continue to suspect this agreement as undemocratic.

We know that, so far, it has resulted in two increases of fares and rates, and has enabled the companies to earn profits well above peace time level.

JOHN BULL is infinitely more concerned about the cost of living and the rights of ordinary people than it is about the maintenance of dividends.

Recently we referred indignantly to the plight of a widowed mother, whose only son and sole support lost his life while "fighting for democracy" in the Royal Air Force.

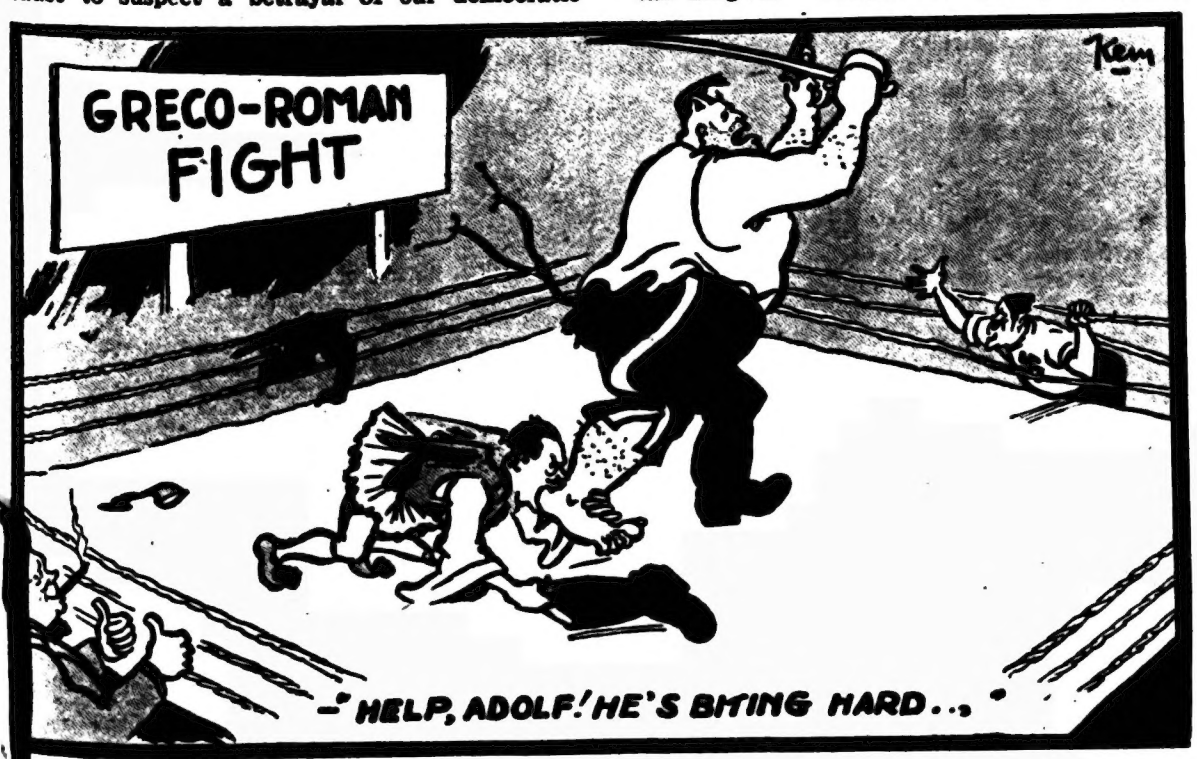
That poor woman, who was living in reasonable comfort while her boy was alive to support her, is now entitled to ten shillings a week, the official maximum pension for dependent parents.

How can that miserable maximum be reconciled with guaranteed minimum dividends for any shareholders whatever?

In spite of private selfishness and official short-sightedness of indifference; in spite of all muddles, blunders and minor betrayals, JOHN BULL is unshaken in its belief that the country as a whole and the Government as a whole *are* fighting in a noble cause.

We know that democracy will defeat the dictatorships and endure for ever among free peoples.

But we still hold that the best way to encourage our friends abroad and kindle new hope in the hearts of the peoples whom Hitler has subjugated would be for Great Britain to make a fresh and bold declaration of its democratic faith, and to lay the foundations of the new and better world here and now in our own country.



Open Letters

Chase the Shelter Laggards, Ellen!: Too Slow Army Training?: Landlord Pockets the Billeting Money : Children Left to be Bombed : Three-Months Wait for the Doctor : Pension ∴ Tribunals Promised ∴

★

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,
Britain's Shelter Supervisor

DEAR ELLEN,—A crowd of yawning laggards is letting you down with a bump—and letting thousands of families into the mud.

I know that some local authorities are co-operating in your Better Shelter campaign. But you must know as well as I how many seem not to care a rap for their citizens so long as their own town hall basements are dry and strong.

You have told them to drain Anderson shelters. But there are still tens of thousands of those family life-preservers that are swamped with mud.

Householders, fearing the menace of pneumonia to their children, plead with local councils to start the work of drainage.

All they receive are either promises that are never kept or even flat refusals.

Street shelters, in the suburbs particularly, suffer from the same disease-inviting dampness. And some of them are so jerry-built that they can hardly withstand a gale.

People who have to use them because they have neither basements nor Anderson shelters at home complain of hooliganism—and worse.

There are no marshals to see that order is kept and to save women and youngsters from being terrorised.

Great improvements have been made in the basement shelters of Central London. But the Tubes are still a disgrace to a civilised country.

I am no alarmist in stressing the risks this winter of cold epidemics, diphtheria, "shelter tonsilitis" and meningitis.

You must know by the Horder Report—which I hope will soon be published—how urgent is the problem that you are seeking to solve.

But it will never be met by appeals and reminders. I urge you to use your wide powers to compel petty authorities to obey your instructions.

For there is no longer time to spare. Winter is already upon us, and every day increases the hardships and perils of those who seek refuge in shelters from Goering's assassins.

Don't let your fine efforts be hampered by the inertia of officialdom!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—I accept your assurance that there will be no Hitler Youth nonsense about the Youth Service Corps, which will provide fitness training for our under-twenties.

Your aim to have each unit managed by the young folk themselves should be a sure safeguard against regimentation and militarism, and none can quarrel with the objects of a scheme designed to improve the health of the younger generation.

But a word of caution. Do not leave all the organisation to over-worked local authorities.

Some will do their bit, some won't. So your Ministry must keep a supervisory eye on the whole scheme and use the existing young people's clubs as a framework.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. J. BELLENGER, M.P.,
Bassetlaw, Nottingham

DEAR MR. BELLENGER,—It is plain that you are spoiling for a fight. I think you should get it.

A blunt answer must be given to your blunt assertion that "public and M.P.s are saying the Army has not enough to do in many parts of the country."

I do not think even the Government will deny your charge that military training was on a puny scale last winter. But you feel that it is still inadequate; so, incidentally, do many soldiers.

It is no longer sufficient for vague reassurances to be offered to M.P.s. At this stage of the war the full facts must be given—if necessary, in Secret Session.

Until this is done, I shall continue my agitation for more work rather than concert parties for the troops.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Bedford Guardians

DEAR SIR,—Rotten landlordism was never more meanly exposed than in the case of a farm labourer, living in a tied cottage, who applied for relief owing to illness.

Four Londoners are billeted with his wife and three children. But their billeting allowances are filched by his landlord-employer, so his wife gets nothing for her extra work and inconvenience.

"A most peculiar arrangement," said your committee. "A most outrageous arrangement" would have been apter comment.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Only one half of a London suburb is an evacuation area, though the other half has suffered worse raid damage and its children attend a twice-bombed school situated between a factory and a railway.

But they are still not eligible for evacuation!

I defy you to justify this crazy and wicked ruling. —JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Sir WM. MACARTHUR,
Director-General, Army Medical Services

DEAR GENERAL,—After two months in hospital and on sick leave, a recruit suffering from heart trouble has been waiting three months for a medical board to decide whether he shall be discharged from the Army.

Meanwhile, in return for his pay and his wife's allowance, he is cleaning officers' buttons.

One word is fit for your doctors' delay: Scandalous. —JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Like a stone worn by constant drips, your defences have at last been broken down by my demands for appeal tribunals to hear disabled Servicemen who have been refused pension.

I presume that these tribunals, when set up, will consider past as well as present cases. With this expectation, I offer you thanks for a tardy, but not less valuable, act of justice.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Joking Through

OUT of the last war came a constant stream of humour—some grim, some fanciful, some frankly vulgar.

It came from the shell-pocked trenches of Bapaume, from Windy Corner, from the muddy hell that was the Somme.

It came from the black, swirling waters of the North Sea, from the sun-baked deserts of the Near East and the bullet-swept beaches of Gallipoli.

The fighting men bore the Empire's ordeal then.

They gave to the world that imperishable sense of humour which characterises the Briton in times of great peril.

To-day the civilians of Britain are in the front line.

Their acceptance of danger, the fortitude with which they share a common peril and the way in which they can joke about the death that rains from the skies are symbolical of their race.

Londoners pick their way through debris-ridden streets. They never know from day to day whether they are going home or to a pile of rubbish.

They never know when they arrive for work in the morning whether there is any work to go to or any building to work in.

* * *

Really, what can poor old Hitler think about these stupid, obstinate Britons?

What can he do with such a race which produces local rules at golf like: "A ball may be lifted from a bomb crater without penalty."

Then there's the Londoner who, after weeks of listening to the hellish din of bombs and anti-aircraft fire, complains about the cackle of a neighbour's rooster.

The cry of Chanticleer awakens him at dawn, he says. And he asks the authorities to abate the nuisance, so that he might get a "proper night's rest."

There is also the A.F.S. man who was asked by a friend if he didn't grow sick of the arduous and dangerous duties he had to perform.

"You bet I do," said the A.F.S. man. "And then when I get a few days' leave I spend them mine-sweeping."

And the other day a colleague of mine gave us a graphic description of how he put out a blaze in his back garden after an oil-bomb had exploded.

Before he had finished his story we were roaring with laughter.

He didn't mention danger, but the way he described his efforts to subdue the blaze marked him as a born humorist.

But there was little humour in the sight of his blackened and ravaged garden and in the gaping holes that made his house uninhabitable.

* * *

Hitler is not the only person who cannot understand this formidable vein of humour in the Briton's make-up.

For centuries the stiff-necked people of this island have mystified the outside world.

I think we sometimes mystify ourselves.

We all hate the bombs; we are not sufficiently heroic to feel that we are not afraid of them.

No man or woman of imagination or intelligence can deny the reaction which comes of exploding bombs. It is an unpleasant reaction and one that all of us try to conceal.

Yet the sense of humour, grim and gay, lives on, lightening a little the heavy burden of sorrow and sacrifice so quietly borne.

It shines bravely in the shelters, radiates to the four corners of the earth, so that the world, in amazement, can echo and re-echo the phrase "Britain Can Take It."

CHASED BY GERMAN RAIDER!

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS learned his job in the Cutty Sark, and since leaving the dancing decks of that world-famed wind-jammer he has travelled nearly 2,000,000 salt-water miles. But he still feels that there is nothing worse than sharing an ocean with a German pirate

WAR time troubles of a ship's captain are legion.

I do not mean U-boats and coastal batteries: dive bombers and magnetic mines: pocket battleships and fast torpedo-boats.

I do not mean only the miles of red tape, or such strange cargo as a hundred camels, cases of over-ripe eggs, a distinguished corpse and locomotives.

But I do mean the terror of sharing an ocean with a surface raider.

I have run the gauntlet of surface raiders several times. And I no longer appreciate the thrill of sailing in waters where a surface raider is known to be cruising.

To pit a tramp steamer with a legitimate top speed of 15 knots, a tonnage of 5,000 or so, and a 4-in. gun in her stern, against a fast and well-armed warship or even against an armed merchantman of 10,000 tons and a speed of 19 knots, carrying two 6-in. guns and a lot of lighter stuff, is simply asking for a trip below.

Yet it has to be done sometimes, and the lads of the Red Duster are not completely unprepared.

There goes the radio—crackling and sparking.

. . . . *enemy surface raider known as "Narvik" (a hypothetical name) reported longitude so-and-so, latitude such-and-such, said to have sunk British merchantmen without warning. Swedish flag, guns hidden believed to be two 6-in., four 4-in. and machine-guns, about 10,000 tons, speed 19 knots, crew of about 300, proceed with great caution.* . . .

What an awakening on a brilliant blue morning (without even a wisp of mist to hide in); when trying to steal a few minutes' sleep on the stateroom sofa after three sleepless nights passing through an area infested with U-boats.

Then the steward arrives with a providential cup of steaming coffee. Nothing looks so bad after swallowing *that*—even though we are hundreds of miles from anywhere.

Funny thing how peaceful the ocean looks after receiving a message like that.

Feet running outside. The mate's head round the door. Ship sighted to port. Apparently carrying no navigation lights. She was not visible till dawn, and was then quite close. About ten thousand tons. Flying the Swedish flag!

The *Narvik*! The mate nods.

As we race to the bridge, the same thought is in both minds.

This is what happened to other ships we knew of.

Will they say, presently: "Phillips' is overdue. Wonder whether she's gone the same way as the others. . . . ?"

Not if we can help it!

Not if the gun-crew can help it, crouching under the shield in the stern, tin-hats on, shells ready, caressing the breech of the 4-in. beauty that is their charge.

Not if the mate can help it. He has recently taken his master's ticket, and married a freckled Argyllshire girl on the strength of it.

He isn't going to see the inside of a German prison-camp if a hard fist and a hard eye and a strapped-on revolver and something that might be a cutlass or a life-preserver can do anything to stop it.

Not if the dour old Scottish engineer can help it.

He's standing over his gauges and wiping his sweating hands on a bit of cotton-waste in the most perilous part of the ship. If a shell bursts there every man's life is in instant danger.

Not if the three ex-stowaways can help it, or the man who had made up his mind to desert at the next port.

They're down below where they have been ordered to keep out of the way.

But they'd help with the gun—or even use iron bars and belaying pins if it came to a boarding scrap.

Not a hope now that the big ship standing in towards us is anything but a German.

She is flying the Swedish flag, but she is Hamburg-built in every line of her.

Created for fast passenger trade, she has the heels of us, and knows it, and is forcing in on a converging course while we try to sheer away.

Scotty in the engine-room can show them a thing or two yet.

I've seen him put this ship along before. At present we keep our course, and the big fellow draws nearer. . . .

DOWN over her side falls a big bit of camouflage canvas sheeting. As it reverses, it shows a great Nazi swastika, and from the place it uncovers appear a couple of black six-inch guns, with the crews ready.

She runs up a signal: "*Heave to or I sink you!*"

Heave to be damned!

A swift signal, and the 4-in. gun at the stern barks out the only answer the Red Duster can give to *that* sort of impudence!

The shell whistles over the enemy's deck and falls into the sea beyond.

Two flashes of yellow splash out from the raider's heaviest guns, and immediately comes the twin boom-boom across the water. There is a screeching whine, and two fountains of water spring into the air ahead and to starboard. . . .

Typical of British sea-dogs of all time, the bearded man on the bridge of the warship scans the horizon, looking for the trail of smoke that may reveal a Nazi surface raider "hull down"

Alter course.

Alter speed.

The ship begins to throb until her engines are pounding at a speed she was never intended to touch.

Old Scotty is a marvel.

Although she quivers under the strain, the increase of speed and the sudden change of course have caused the raider to fall away, and now we are off on a wild run for life, like a hare with a dog after it. But this dog can spout death ahead of him, and does!

And we spit back again—CRACK, CRACK!

And again—CRACK!

THIS is a grey old badger of a raider.

She isn't coming into range of our gun.

She prefers to stand off where only a fluke in a million would hit her, and pound at us with her big six-inch Krupp gun. And devilish accurate her gunners are; give them that justice.

We twist and we turn, but always their shells come whining after us—WOOMP—WOOMWOOMP!

We must just put up with it, vary our course violently, and hope that something will turn up. The weather is thicker.

There are heavy patches of mist on the sea's face, and low cloud driving along overhead.

Once give us a splash of rain and some wind and we'd escape out of the hands of the devil himself.

It is going to be a long chase.

Scotty is doing things to his engines that would make the owners turn grey. But he's saving the ship. We must be doing 18 knots. . . .

The vibration is terrific. The engines feel as though they were shifting off their foundations, and if there's much more of it the ship's bottom may drop out.

But we shan't surrender to this sneaking wolf of the seas!

CRASH!

That was bad.

One of the six-inch shells has caught us fairly and two men are wounded. The decks are in such a mess that the rear gunners pause and look doubtful.

Then one of the wounded men, with a bad gash in the shoulder, begins to sing: "*Roll out the Barrel. . . .*"

The gunners set their teeth and fire a shot back towards the *Narvik's* plunging bows. We slip into a patch of mist and are hidden for a moment. But this chase is nearing its end.

We are going to be run to a standstill.

A new sound impinges faintly on ears shocked by constant shellfire. A faint, persistent humming — or droning — getting swiftly louder.

The gunners suddenly cheer!

Away astern we see through a rift in the mist a little speeding shape high in the sky.

A seaplane.

A British seaplane, coming like an avenging hawk.

The *Narvik*, fearfully close, looms out of the fog, but her decks are swarming with running figures. She has seen the newcomer, too, and men are racing to her high-angle guns.

Thwack-thwack!

The seaplane takes no notice.

She swoops downwards, and her engines scream into a crescendo as she dives; she zips past overhead and up in a steep climb, leaving behind something black that splashes on the sea a little to one side of the German raider, and instantly obliterates everything in a mountain of spouting water.

ONE last salvo from the *Narvik*, wildly fired and harmless.

Then she turns from us, there are cheers from throats stinging with cordite.

Again the seaplane circles and dives.

Again the bomb misses.

Now, away to starboard, is a fresh smear on the horizon, growing larger swiftly.

This is a British warship, lean and grey and urgent, thundering across the sea to ask who it is who dares to interfere with a vessel flying the Red Ensign.

The seaplane is still wheeling like a hawk far away, as the raider uses every ounce of speed she has to get away. She is making for the fog, and the cruiser, a definite grey shape now, is after her.

Thud-thud-thud go the pursuer's guns —not 4-in. stern-chasers this time, but formidable stuff with a terrible punishing effect.

The *Narvik* disappears in the mist, but the cruiser goes remorselessly after her.

NEXT WEEK: *The Gunner Who Wouldn't Hit Back*

R.A.F. is On Top!

● *Staggering effects of the R.A.F.'s defeat of the Luftwaffe can now be seen not only by the incredible losses suffered by the Nazis but also by their desperate changes in the strategy of attack*

This M.E. 109 came to grief while trying the cloud-hopping tactics of Goering's latest improvised fighter-bombers

MESSERSCHMITT ME 109, single-seater fighter air craft improvised to carry three bombs, lightweight White Hope of the Nazi Air Force, is proving as miserable a failure as the Stuka dive-bombers with which Goering hoped to win the war on all fronts.

That he has had to pin his faith on an improvised fighter-bomber is full proof of his desperate efforts to meet the challenge of Britain's defenders.

Born out of failure, Me 109 can't succeed where more suitable aircraft have failed to meet the onslaught of Spitfires and Hurricanes.

In using it now, he can do no more than depend on its "nuisance value."

Its cloud-chopping tactics can never be decisive.

But Goering has paid a pretty price to find that out.

He learned a few lessons before the assault on Britain started.

Conquest of Poland saw the small triumph of the Stuka dive-bombers, the Junkers 87, pride of the *Luftwaffe*. There was no opposition when these howling monoplanes flung themselves on undefended cities.

The ear-splitting roar of their motors, augmented by sirens and whistling bombs caused bewildered, terrified confusion among marching men, teams of horses, refugees and people trapped in city streets.

But they failed when diving into the muzzles of anti-aircraft guns; hard-boiled gunners waited for that inevitable flattening at the end of the dive, then fired through open sights.

And when British fighters also found the measure of the dive-bombers, only mad-cap pilots of the *Luftwaffe* would fly these suicide ships.

By that time Goering had realised that only horizontal bombing of vital targets would get him anywhere when he had to face strong defences.

That is why Brussels was bombarded by a hundred Heinkel He III's, each carrying 4,400 pounds of bombs, flying at 12,000 feet.

The ack-ack gunners who were supposed to defend the vital flying field expected dive-bombers.

Instead, they were busy looking for a target they couldn't find.

They learned in a few minutes that horizontal bombing, like lightning, may strike anywhere.

Only fighter aircraft could have chased away those 275-mile-an-hour bomber monoplanes.

The same tactics were used over Paris.

Goering wanted to demoralise the French, not destroy their city.

If he had been intent on murder he would have used his Stukas again, as he did when he wanted to throw terror into the refugees on the roads of Northern France.

Then the battle over Dunkirk showed him that so far as he had not had seriously to reckon with the fighter command of the Royal Air Force.

For a few weeks he sat thinking while his ground staff went ahead with preparations for consolidating flying fields along the French coast.

British bombers hampered the work and stung him into action.

Then he made the greatest mistake of his life.

In two months he gambled with an air force that was said to have 7,000 bombing aircraft and 4,000 fighters ready for use by its ace squadrons.

In two months, he lost 1,200 of these bombers, 1,000 fighters, and 5,200 men.

In repelling these attackers, Britain lost 600 and 300 men.

For a month Stuka dive-bombers, fighters and bombers tried to blockade British shipping.

But after sixty Luftwaffe machines had fallen in a day's attack on the Channel and on Channel ports—the R.A.F. lost sixteen—Goering decided he must push inland, destroy our air bases by sheer weight of numbers, then send in his dive-bombers.

So wave after wave of big German bombers tried to gate-crash the British coast, but by the end of the first week of these mass attacks the Nazis had lost 495 craft, 281 bombers, 214 fighters.

Britain had lost 115 fighters.

By this time Stuka dive-bombers had been finally eclipsed.

Even when accompanied by fighter escorts they were still fair game for British defences.

In their attacks on ports and on shipping from July 4 to August 24, 1,041 had fallen to the R.A.F.

IN the next ten days two-motored bombers, accompanied by an equal number of fighters, tried to penetrate coastal defences, and lost 640 aircraft in the attempt.

R.A.F. fighters ignored the fighters, dived through the formations and concentrated on the bombers.

When this failed, Goering made two other attempts to bring his bombers over in safety.

Masses of fighters, grouped around a nucleus of big bombers were ex to keep off R.A.F. fighters, take the bombers over the objective, then escort them home after they had unloaded over their targets.

But R.A.F. fighter squadrons merely climbed to a commanding position above the tail of the German formation and dived on the bombers before the Nazi fighters had time to turn to meet their attackers.

After destroying the bombers, Hurricanes and Spitfires zoomed to grapple with *Luftwaffe* fighters.

In thirteen days these tactics cost the Nazis 454 aircraft.

It was then that Goering had to acknowledge defeat.

The R.A.F. had knocked up some marvellous scores. A hundred and eighty-one Nazi aircraft were "Hurricaned" on August 15 for the loss of 34 British fighters.

When 187 enemy aircraft fell on September 15, only 25 British fighters paid the price.

THEN 133 Nazi machines were shot down on September 27, while only 34 R.A.F. machines were lost.

Meantime, German pilots had been gaining much needed experience in night-flying over this country.

In the beginning a few single machines flew across the country at high levels, dropping no bombs.

Then scattered machines started releasing bombs to batter civilian morale, and eventually came the large-scale night attacks, which did little to help Germany's war effort.

It was then left to the fighter-bomber the hastily improvised Messerschmitt 109 with its 110 pound bombs slung under the wing roots to carry on daylight hit-and-run raids on Britain.

They could only be sporadic attacks.

The tribulations of a fighter pilot having to fulfil the duties of a bomber without adequate equipment are enough to prevent the threat of these Me. 109's ever becoming really serious.

Even if they did not have to dodge British fighters, anything but indiscriminate bombing would be difficult.

Even though these machines can cross the coast, flying at 30,000 feet, they have no bomb-sights to assist in *horizontal* bombing, no strength for the severe test of dive-bombing.

And they must jettison their bombs to gain an extra fifty miles an hour in speed when chased by a British fighter.

Only then are they capable of their much-publicised 350 miles an hour.

And until Goering can think of yet another method of mass attack he must be content with his unsatisfying night bombers and his lone-fighter bombers, skulking in the clouds.

No further proof is needed of the defeat of the *Luftwaffe*; for, if it couldn't smash the R.A.F. when it was at least superior in numbers, there's no possibility of its proving such a serious rival when Britain's air strength reaches parity.

In three months, the R.A.F. has won the freedom of the skies.

Try Again, Mr. Hudson

WHAT has happened to the "Dig for Victory" campaign?

JOHN BULL can tell you. It has ceased to be a campaign.

The strident voice that kept telling you twelve months ago—through the newspapers, over the wireless, in every town and village hall—that every spadeful of earth you turned over was a spadeful of earth on Hitler's hopes and ambitions, has died to a whisper.

Allotment and garden associations meet and tell the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. R. S. Hudson, of scores of thousands of eager diggers waiting in vain for something to dig.

Mr. Hudson writes to local authorities stressing the need—and the local authorities frequently forget about it.

* * *

Mr. Hudson issues solemn warnings about his powers to seize land for vegetable-growing purposes, and then looks round to see how many naughty local authorities or landowners have turned pale.

Mr. Hudson has been talking a lot about these powers, but exercising them very little.

We mustn't forget that Mr. Hudson told us that he aims at 1,750,000 allotments, pointing out that the "Dig for Victory" campaign had already increased the number of allotments in this country from 950,000 to 1,250,000.

But we want three million allotments.

And we want a Minister of Agriculture who is going to get them.

If he wants to know how to do it, we will present him with a few facts.

There are scores of cities and towns with allotments to offer, and nobody to dig them.

More towns should follow the example of Worksop, where the council is clearing and ploughing its spare ground, and offering it to tenants rent free.

Some cities have found allotments twopenny and threepenny 'bus rides from the main centres of population.

Days would have to be long to permit hard-toiling war-workers to get them ship-shape.

* * *

Small growers should be given a guarantee that there will be a proper outlet for their surplus produce next summer. That will bring into the scheme scores of thousands of people who had to say good-bye to growing crops when they were evacuated.

They are discouraged.

A little guarantee will set them working again.

Mr. Hudson must plan better.

Then he must campaign again.

And it mustn't be a whispering campaign.

● *Income Tax, Life, National Health and Unemployment Insurance problems can be settled by "writing to 'John Bull' about it." Merely enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry, and address it to 'John Bull's' Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A. G. GARDINER explains why Nazi peace offensive will fail, and enumerates

Hitler's Loose Ends

THE rapturous welcome organised for M. Molotov in Berlin last week is a measure of Hitler's difficulties. His chestnuts are in the fire and he looks to what he used to call "the scum of Moscow" to snatch them out for him.

To understand his dilemma it is necessary to recall the programme with which he set out.

His purpose was to stampede Europe from the Vistula to the Thames by August and to present a *fait accompli* to the world that admitted of no discussion.

He would dictate a peace based on the fact that he was the Autocrat of Europe and had set up a New Order in which the function of the German race was to rule and the function of all other European peoples was to obey.

That would mark the second phase of his programme. The first phase had been the Nazi conquest of Germany. This would conclude the Nazi conquest of Europe.

Wanted to Rule World

It would be the occasion for a pause, but it was not the final peace. That could not come, as he said in "Mein Kampf," until one man was the dictator of the world.

BUT WITH THE BRITISH FLEET OUT OF THE WAY AND THE NEW ORDER IN EUROPE IN FULL BLAST, THE FINAL PHASE, INVOLVING MAINLY THE OVERTHROW OF THE LAST DEMOCRACY THAT MATTERED, THAT OF THE UNITED STATES, WOULD BE PLAIN SAILING.

And with both the English-speaking Commonwealths down and out there would be nothing left but to teach the two remaining Empires, Russia and Japan, their subordinate places in the Hitlerian cosmos.

That was the programme. It went like the wind to the Straits of Dover and the month of June. But now it has gone with the wind. All sorts of things have happened to blow it to bits.

First came the astonishing revelation of British air power. That led to the collapse of the invasion project, and the end of the hopes built on the "knock-out blow" idea.

America began to mobilise behind the British Empire. The influence of sea power became intensified. Turkey was encouraged to stand her ground. Franco showed himself less obedient than was expected.

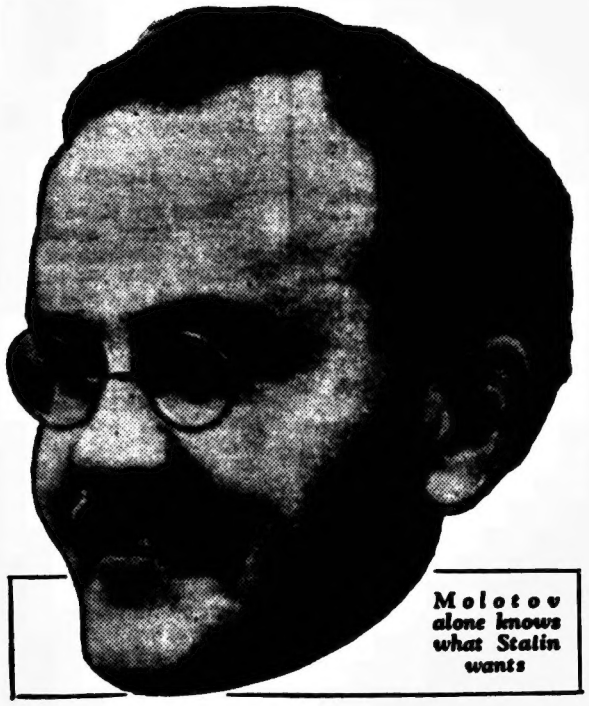
The re-election of President Roosevelt threw its shadow over the path of Hitler. Most sensational of all was the glorious defiance and success with which Greece met the onrush of the Italian jackal.

WITH HIS ORIGINAL PROGRAMME IN RUINS AND WITH THE PROSPECT OF A WAR DRAGGING OUT INDEFINITELY, HITLER HAS TO IMPROVISE A NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. IN WEAVING THAT PLAN RUSSIA IS A VITAL LINK.

Hitler's main object, as always, is to isolate the British Empire. In this respect his immediate and most acute anxiety centres in the United States.

And with good reason. While he pinned his hopes to the "knock-out blow" he could ignore that great country.

It was divided in opinion. It was largely pacifist and isolationist. It was submerged in a bitter presidential election and could be ruled out of the reckoning until the war was over. It would come on the scene too late.



Molotov alone knows what Stalin wants

But now all is changed. The war is not over, but the presidential election is. And it is over in a way that bodes ill for Hitler. President Roosevelt is back to power with an enormously enhanced authority, and his speech on Armistice Day leaves no doubt of what his policy will be.

It was in the hope of forestalling the danger from America that Hitler roped Japan into the Axis. This, he reckoned, would give the United States enough to think about in the Pacific and prevent its vast industrial output coming our way.

Whether this is one of his miscalculations time will show. I think it is.

If as a result Japan is brought into the war the United States will assuredly be in it too. With this consequence, that the ninety per cent. of Japan's military essentials which come from the United States, the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies will be cut off. It is China that will be saved—not Hitler.

Dream of Isolation

IT is the same idea of isolating Britain which inspires the other main objects of Hitler's new plan of campaign. He is seeking to link up Russia with the Axis, if not as a belligerent, then as a benevolent neutral.

He wants her oil, her wheat, her help in evading the blockade. If he could establish a single front from the Straits of Dover across Europe and Asia to Tokyo he might do something to prolong the war.

But the fly in Hitler's ointment here is that if he is to have a chance of winning the war he must have a free hand in the Balkans.

What bribe can Hitler offer that would induce Stalin to hand over the keys of the Dardanelles to him?

Those keys are no menace to Russia while they are in the hands of Turkey. In the hands of Hitler they would imprison Russia in the Black Sea. Her only access to warm waters would be for ever at the mercy of Germany.

IT IS NOT EASY TO READ THE MIND OF STALIN, BUT IN SPITE OF THE FRATERNISATIONS AT BERLIN IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO IMAGINE THAT HE WILL BARGAIN AWAY THE FATE OF THE DARDANELLES FOR ANY MESS OF POTTAGE THAT HITLER HAS AT HIS DISPOSAL.

Among his expedients for meeting the new situation caused by the failure of his *blitzkrieg* programme Hitler is not likely to omit his peace offensive.

Now he is understood to be contemplating a diplomatic peace drive on the basis of the "New European Order" which he modestly claims to have established.

With this drive he hopes to influence neutral opinion and to isolate Britain as the sole obstacle to peace.

Too Long a Delay

BUT he has delayed the setting of his trap too long. If he had baited it two months ago, when he was at the peak of his fortune and when American opinion was still in the melting-pot, it might have been dangerous.

But he has passed his peak. We have, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, "turned the corner." The world knows it.

And American opinion has emerged from the melting pot and is no longer in doubt where its duty, its interest and its destiny lie.

There will be no discussion of peace terms with the evil men who have brought this tragedy upon Europe and the world. For them there will be nothing but the stern punishment meted out by an outraged and redeemed civilisation.

Peace will come, but it will come with other men, and its first condition will be the undoing of the immeasurable wrongs that Nazi Germany has inflicted on humanity.

That is the goal we have in view. That is the goal we shall win. It shines more clear before us to-day than at any time since this terror descended upon us.

THERE IS TAKING SHAPE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD A FRONT OF FREEDOM, BACKED BY A MATERIAL POWER ON SEA, ON LAND AND IN THE AIR, THAT WILL DRIVE THE POWERS OF DARKNESS INTO THE ABYSS FROM WHICH THEY CAME.

It speaks through the courage and tenacity of our own people throughout the earth. It is echoed in the heroism of Greece. It comes in the great language of Roosevelt and swells in unison over all the Americas.

From India, from Arabia, from Africa, from China—wherever the subject races find a voice, that voice is with us. Most of all, in the tragic lands which groan under the heel of the Nazis there lurks a spirit of vengeance that will blaze out in irresistible might when the hour of deliverance strikes.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

TRAGIC CHAOS IN A.R. POLICY

FORTHRIGHT as ever, Mr. Herbert Morrison has told us what a poor view he takes of Britain's present system of air raid shelters. And knowing that we know how bitterly he hates any form of bureaucratic mismanagement, he has asked us to bear with him until he puts things right.

And we will.

Yet we can't help urging him now to have no patience with the blunderlings who are letting him down.

When it comes to building new shelters and reconstructing inadequate shelters now in existence, he has a big job on his hands, but not all his tasks are so difficult. He could easily see to it that his staff learned by experience.

I am assured that trap-doors to many shelters are still bolted only on the inside.

No effort has been made to rectify a fault that led to many persons being fatally trapped in a London shelter.

A Direct Hit

I know too much about it.

A young man whose love of life was an inspiration to many of us in this office was in that shelter. He never came out.

This semi-public shelter suffered a direct hit. The bomb crashed through the roof and exploded underground.

The explosion brought people to the doors of other near-by shelters, eager to know "where that one went."

They hastily formed unofficial rescue squads, determined to release those they knew to be trapped in the ruins of the bombed shelter.

Bravely they advanced on exits and trap-doors, only to find that they were all locked, bolted from the inside.

And because the wardens who were there could not attack the structure of the shelter until supervised by an official rescue squad, those willing would-be rescuers had to stand around helplessly.

"We couldn't do a thing," said one of the volunteer rescue workers, "not a thing."

And as the thought of his inability to help stirred his emotions, he began to describe the fire that started to sweep across the ruined shelter.

Little Hope

"We knew the explosion had burst a water main as well as a gas main," he added. "We knew that the people trapped down there would be at the mercy of either one or the other.

"Wardens stood around, impatiently waiting the word to get on with the job," he added. "But even they couldn't do anything.

"They had no power to touch a private shelter, they said, and an hour elapsed before the official rescue squad gave them permission to batter down the walls."

Nobody can say how many persons died needlessly; but everybody knows that the death roll was high.

Yet that is not the full story of this scene of horror. Those who were rescued from the bombed shelter had to lie in the street for a considerable time before ambulances arrived to take them to hospital.

Rebuked because of this delay, a warden pathetically remarked: "Well, you see, Central Control has to decide whether ambulances should be allowed out, and sometimes they are so busy we can't get a decision immediately."

It was the same when the fire brigade was called to damp down the fire.

Yet the wardens on the spot worked like trojans, and they didn't even complain that their gallantry should be so scurvily treated by the voices behind the telephones.

From this instance alone—and it was only one of many brought to my notice within a few days—you can summarise all the faults of our shelter organisation.

Death Traps?

Too many air raid shelters are not safe even against blast.

They were "approved" by men who knew no more about the vagaries of several hundred pounds of bursting metal than a shepherd in the rural wilds of Spain knows of seal hunting.

The Home Office has admitted that millions of pounds have been "wasted" on a certain type of "approved" shelter that has proved of little use.

It raised no objection when one local authority begged leave to cancel its contracts for these shelters because they were dangerous.

Local authorities are not responsible for the shelters they build. They must follow Home Office instructions.

Imagine the discomfort of the engineer of a London riverside borough when he realised that, of two types of shelter approved for his locality, one was unsuitable because of the location, the other obviously a death trap.

A sectional affair, it was obvious that if blast lifted the concrete slabs of the roof, the concrete pillars that formed the walls would fall inwards on the people sheltering under them.

Pressed for an expert opinion, the Home Office admitted that blast could quite easily cause the structure to collapse. It agreed that another shelter should be built, but it was too late.

A bomb burst near the shelter, blast lifted the roof, the walls collapsed—and nine people were killed!

Yet I am assured that this type of shelter is still on the approved list.

It is still being copied all over the country. I asked why.

"Once a shelter has been approved and adopted so widely, we can't take it off the approved list," said the voice on the telephone.

This borough engineer was among the many experts who pleaded to be allowed to make shelters proof against flooding.

It didn't really need an engineer to realise the dangers of having underground caverns that were not waterproof. But Home Office regulations did not consider such precautions essential.

In many districts it is only those shelters on which the authorities spent money for waterproofing that can still hold their allotted number.

Hundreds of local engineers are asking the Home Office what they do now. Vast shelter systems leak like sieves. Water drips from roofs. Only amphibians could sleep in them.

Room for Eight

There are three large shelter systems within three hundred yards of each other in one London borough. Until the autumn rains started two thousand persons slept in them every night.

Now only eight people sleep in those vast caverns. There are only eight dry spots.

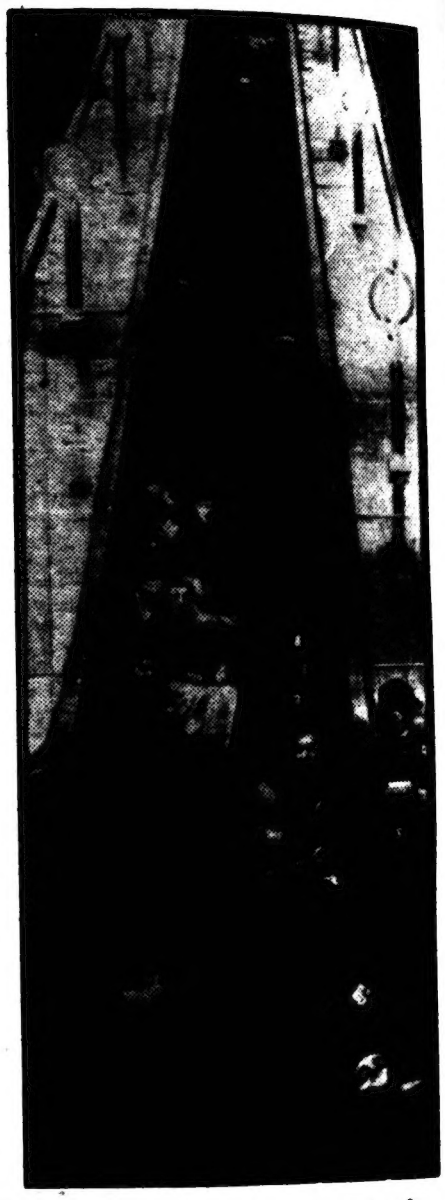
I can only presume that the other people either stay at home or crowd into the already jam-packed Tube shelters. Meantime, there is danger of bombs falling on overcrowded shelters.

A fortnight ago two bombs burst in a shelter beneath a London church.

That shelter normally holds two hundred people; but there were four hundred and fifty in there when the bombs burst. It is astonishing that casualties, although numerous, were not considerably heavier.

While money and time are being devoted to putting things right in the shelters — great and small — A.R.P. authorities might help to restore our confidence in their good sense by remodelling their regulations.

Everybody is proud of our A.R.P. services. The heroes in blue overalls have done a wonderful job. They are far too gallant to be betrayed.



These people were driven into already crowded underground railway stations because their local air raid shelters had been made uninhabitable by the autumnal rains

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MRS. B. O. O'CONNOR, Shop Crescent, Carshalton, Surrey, receives this week's £1 1s. award. She provided me with information of a very useful character, and I wish other readers would write to me as openly as she has done.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address it to me at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Don't be Deceived

WHEN glib "salesmen" call at your house with money-boxes, asking for "a little help" for the local hospital, ask to see the official certificates authorising the collection. And don't be shocked if they run away.

Numerous people have given money to impostors in the belief that they were helping the hospital.

Don't you join them.

* * *

DESPITE the Government's promise to see that military imposters are dealt with more severely, many still operate with impunity.

One, John Kaplan, a South African, has been posing as a major in the Royal Artillery and defrauding women impressed by his alleged military rank.

He promoted himself from "Captain" to "Major" and is a rascal of the first degree.

From one dupe he stole three rings.

* * *

LOOK out for "James Crawford," who has many other assumed names. He pretends to be a Government Inspector with urgent billeting duties to perform.

He walks into private dwelling-houses with an air of official dignity, and either obtains money through some fraudulent pretext or ransacks rooms whenever there is the opportunity to do so.

Jail has seen him more than once, and he will be one of His Majesty's guests again in the near future!

* * *

MEN in shabby suits are now making house-to-house calls, telling fanciful stories of "businesses" that are supposed to exist for the benefit of ex-Service men.

Some pretend that they were invalided from the Service after Dunkirk, and sell inferior goods by arousing housewives' sympathy.

Before you buy, ask to see their official licences.

* * *

POLICE are receiving many complaints, too, about men posing as "Government Demonstrators."

Entering houses as though by right, they give demonstrations of "how to stop bleeding caused by flying glass." Then they produce strips of worthless rubber, which they say everyone should buy.

* * *

HULL people with toothache should steer clear of George Graham, who has been practising dentistry in Day Street, describing himself on a brass plate as a "Teeth Repairer."

A quack, he has been convicted several times for practising as a dentist without being registered.

NAZI FREEZE-UP Helps ALLIES

Winter may mean hardship for Britain, but it will bring far greater misery to Germany, where the great freeze-up is always a cruel and relentless taskmaster

"LOOKS like being a hard winter," people say as they warm their hands by the fire and discuss the next few months of war. They think of the many hours of "black-out," of keeping pipes from falling to the grip of frost, of transport difficulties, of keeping warm in air raid shelters and of menus that will provide warming food yet not exhaust the ration book.

Yes, it looks like being a hard winter for Britain.

But you can derive warm comfort from the thought that Britain's worst winter is never as trying as Germany's normal months of bitter weather.

There is no suggestion that cruel days will drive the Germans to surrender before the Spring. They can take it. They've been going without food and coal for many winters now when the temperature has dropped so low that thermometers seemed to be in danger of having to be lengthened.

But the bitter cold will undoubtedly help to number the days of the war; it will help Britain in her struggle. Inhuman conditions can't help but lower a nation's resistance to some extent.

Snow is already falling in many places; rivers and lakes will soon be frozen over; the country will be in the grip of ice till March.

Night temperatures will be twenty degrees lower than is usual even when Britain is having a record "freeze."

This cold does not produce happy flying weather.

Even so, British bombers will penetrate that zone of danger when ice forms on the wings of aircraft and drive Germans into their underground shelters.

SHORTAGE of coal troubles Germans more than anything.

Caused chiefly by transport difficulties, the lack of coal last year was the worst feature of Germany's winter.

And the position has not improved.

In the large blocks of flats only one room on every floor is allowed to have a fire every day.

Occupants of all the other rooms and flats must congregate in this one room if they wish to keep warm.

It is too much to expect.

Thousands of Berliners prefer to leave their flats in the morning and spend the days in cafés or in the big waiting-rooms of the stations rather than crowd in small rooms, where there are innumerable quarrels.

A traveller arriving in Switzerland from Germany the other day said station waiting-rooms are packed. At first he thought the loiterers were travellers; then he discovered that only a few trains were running and that all these people had come to the station for warmth.

At night Berliners hurry home. British bombers pay special attention to railway stations.

Long food queues have reappeared in the streets of German towns and villages.

Women wait their turn for their small ration.

Snow covers their hats and coats.

They put down their shopping-bags and beat their bodies with their arms.

Nazis claim that there is now more food in the Third Reich.

They are right from their point of view.

This is the first winter for years when no reductions in rations have been introduced.

Thousands of tons of foodstuffs, stolen from conquered countries, were delivered to Germany, but, distributed among seventy million Germans, they have merely helped to retain the low standard of last year.

Shopkeepers still display empty cardboard boxes in their windows—by order of the authorities.

BUT Germans take no notice of what they see in windows.

They fiddle with thirty-six multi-coloured ration cards and try to learn the science of shopping with them.

And shop assistants pay little attention to the cards. They hand the customer what they have—"Take it or leave it" is their motto.

For the second winter in succession Germans have been unable to buy winter clothes.

They are forced to relinquish old clothes before they can hope to obtain new, and even then authorities refuse them permission to buy, maintaining that "last year's will still do."

On the pavements of Berlin you can already hear the first clatter of wooden soles, inevitable substitute for unobtainable leather.

Last year Germans were told that "to be in rags" was a sign of patriotism.

People are wondering now whether "dirty shirts" will soon be in keeping with the Nazi spirit.

There is such a shortage of soap that housewives find it impossible to wash clothes.

If they are sent to the laundry, soap must be sent with them.

Germany faces the problem of keeping streets clear in the coming months with horror.

Every night brings heavy snowfalls.

Unless it is swiftly removed, traffic is delayed, roads blocked by drifts a yard deep. And now there are no men to undertake the job of shifting the snow.

If bombs did not damage, snow alone would tax the capacity of municipalities.

Travelling is an adventure.

Even if you can obtain official sanction to travel, the train journey from Munich to Berlin, which normally takes fewer than eight hours, now occupies twenty-four.

A neutral traveller has reported that to make this trip he had to change trains seven times.

An exception are travellers included in the evacuation schemes.

Trainloads of evacuees are sent south every day from Northern Germany bound for places as far away as Rumania.

Only soldiers are satisfied.

Yet even they are harassed by tales of hardship among their relatives.

The general practice of sending food parcels to troops has been reversed in Germany. Soldiers are sending food to their homes.

ACT NOW FOR "JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS GIFT

JOHN BULL'S great Christmas Gift for readers is breaking all records. If you have not yet applied for yours you should not delay For yourself, for those in the Services or for your friends this wonderful gift is ideal. It will give a life time of service. You simply cannot afford to miss these superb Fountain Pen and Writing Set Gifts, offered by JOHN BULL on Page 23.

Don't be too late.

The Widow Twankey Don't Care!

Takes more than a few bombs to take the smile off young faces when Widow Twankey shows Aladdin how to produce rabbits out of a Chinese lantern!

TEN lovely girls were singing in a room not far from Piccadilly Circus, London.

One song—unless my ears failed me—was "I'm spending Christmas with My Old Folks."

Others concerned Ma and Dad and Love and Flowers and had no relation whatsoever to the war.

The room ended on the edge of a bomb crater. It made no difference to the singing. It made no difference to the subject of the songs.

They sang the sort of songs I heard when I first heard pantomime.

One of the girls—the prettiest, I think—was Jessie Matthews' sister.

She knows what it is to have bombs whistle round her ears. Many of the others have had experiences that would have made your hair stand on end.

They Didn't Bother

In one hour another "Alert" was due, another night of bombing.

They didn't bother. They just sang.

Pantomime was due in another six weeks. And pantomime is a British institution.

We don't let Hitler interfere with British institutions.

So—booked for pantomime—they kept on singing.

Hitler must imagine that pantomime is an impossible luxury now that he has promised to raze our cities to the ground.

What a shock for him the facts must be.

We are sure of 30 per cent. more pantomimes than last year. And a last minute rush will give us more. In some towns where the theatrical people have grown faint-hearted, the A.R.P. workers are organising their own entertainment on a professional scale.

Wonderful Achievement

Taking Britain as a whole, we are going to have as many pantomimes as in peace time.

A wonderful achievement, remembering that London will only be able to have one—a Coliseum venture representing courage on the part of the producer, Francis Laidler, that calls for a medal of a special kind.

The ten girls sang on.

Oh, they had their worries.

Mr. Frank Rubens, professional manager of Feldman's, the song publishers, who is the real Fairy Prince of Pantomime, because he finds jobs for pantomime artistes, told me about them.

"Bombs?" he asked. "No, not bombs. When you see these girls adorned with the tinsel and spangles that adorn Cinderellas, you'll find it hard to believe they have been plastered with the debris of demolished flats.

"But what worries them is the shortage of tights.

"Show me a girl who owns a set of tights—they cost four pounds a set upwards in peace time—and there's a girl who is bound to get a job in pantomime.

No Silk—No Tights

"You just can't get tights. The Government won't release the silk.

"Lack of tights is a nightmare.

"In most shows the principal girl and boy will have to be satisfied with long opera stockings, kept in position somewhat precariously by twisting a penny in the top seam."

Hitler will make his appearance in pantomime.

But don't look for too many topical allusions to the war.

Script writers have proceeded carefully. There is a danger of betraying military secrets in writing a pantomime. One reference to the loves of an Australian soldier might reveal to a Fifth Columnist that there is an Australian Division in the district.

So pantomime jingle is sent along to the Censor—and you'll hear what he leaves of it.

Leaves War Alone

Anyway, the pantomime writer leaves the war alone so far as possible.

Pantomime must have its little bit of annual naughtiness, of course. Sometimes it hinges on a *cause célèbre*.

This year it will be centred on—public shelters.

There will be hardly a pantomime that won't have a public shelter scene.

Others, unable to get a scenic artist to do the job—and scenic artists are important people in these days of camouflage—will just let you see a black void.

A twinkle of light to show you each face important to the sketch: and you will laugh just the same.

The two most important pantomime songs have been written by Tommy Connor, son of a Piccadilly flower-seller who is still selling flowers in Piccadilly.

Third biggest pantomime (at Glasgow) has been produced by an ex-billposter.

You expect such romances at pantomime time.

M. F.

EVACUEES

"I'ATES the country, guv'nor; there ain't no flickers, and there ain't no chip shops."

It may seem lacking in perspective to start a survey of Britain's evacuation problems by quoting the opinion of a ragged Cockney urchin found wandering moodily along a Devon lane.

Unaware of the beauty and the peace of his surroundings, he was thinking only of the two hundred thousand children still in the Metropolis; the two hundred thousand Shelter Children about whom the doctors were so perturbed.

And because he envied them, he proved himself a misfit of the Evacuation. He became symbolic of all evacuated persons, mothers and children, aged and infirm, homeless and rich runaways.

Childish Remark

And his childish remark to Sir Wyndham Childs, head of JOHN BULL's investigation department, was echoed a hundred times in the villages and towns to which JOHN BULL sent its investigators in trying to uncover the roots of this troublesome war-time problem.

IN SORTING OUT THE COMPLAINTS THAT COME, NOT ONLY FROM THOSE EVACUATED, BUT ALSO THOSE ON WHOM THEY HAVE BEEN EVACUATED, IT IS OBVIOUS THAT A SCHEME THAT SHOULD HAVE FLOATED EASILY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING WAS WRECKED BECAUSE ITS CREATORS CARED MORE FOR ORGANISATION THAN THEY DID FOR PSYCHOLOGY.

Endless are the complaints of those who have been embroiled by evacuation.

City bred, they can't understand the country; the task of seeing life from the countryman's point of view is too much for them; they are not content to vegetate, enjoying only the fruits of their own labours.

Without cinemas, shops, 'buses and markets they are bored.

Their troubles are well illustrated by letters, published this week by "Humanist" (page 17), who does his utmost to reconcile two far-away points of view. It would be foolish to complain that bored townswomen seek solace in country "pubs" where they meet other evacuees to create an atmosphere of town, yet far too many of them give country people further cause for grumbling by spending odd hours in this way.

For all the powerful pieces written at the beginning of the war about the joy with which the country took refugees from the town to its heart when the aerial *blitzkrieg* started in earnest, they still love to complain about how scurvily they have been treated.

They are well armed with facts.

Ten West Country families were not at home when evacuees arrived.

Householders of St. Albans told their evacuees to keep away from their rooms between nine in the morning and six in the evening.

Many people in Oxford, Maidenhead and Marlow refused to let "strangers" use their baths.

Others complain of having to cook in "dirty saucepans."

Evacuees have been sent to Coventry. Not a soul has spoken to them since the time they were shown into their billets.

Removed Lights

Others have been forced to sleep in rooms equipped only with rough beds; even the electric bulbs have been removed by their "hostesses."

As one woman, bombed from a home in the East End, said to Sir Wyndham Childs, "I'd prefer bombs to this ill-treatment any day of the week."

Trouble is caused among village people through some having only "paying guests," while others are forced to have evacuees. To country people, thrifty often to the extent of being mean, this means that Mrs. A is making money as a boarding-house keeper, while Mrs. B has the same inconveniences but none of the profit.

So why should she let her evacuee use her kitchen?

Countrywomen are annoyed because a cottage that shou'd go to another farm worker's wife for ten shillings is rented to a "voluntary evacuee" for three pounds a week.

They see evacuated mothers packing their children off to school, and then setting off for the local town intent on visiting the "flickers" and doing some shopping, while they must remain in their cottages, cooking for these women and children.

Money to Spare

These women from town have money for cigarettes and sweets, silk stockings and "the pictures," even though they are living at the expense of the State.

Country wives can't get their full share of rations because the influx of refugees from the bombs has so taxed local tradesmen that supplies have fallen short.

Many of them have been penalised through being too kind.

Having accepted a child, they gave shelter "for only a week-end" to the parents, then found that the mother intended to stay on, and before they knew where they were there was another family living in the cottage.

Sometimes country people have even been turned out of their homes by these canny evacuees; often fist fights have been needed to clear the cottage of men and women who refused to go.

It is not unusual to find six and seven people sleeping in cottage bedrooms and on landings.

Clean beyond reproach for the most part, countrywomen have been sickened by the prevalence of verminous heads and skin diseases among city children. They can't understand why the evacuee prefers bread and jam to a meal of meat and vegetables; why mere youngsters weep because they can't have meat pies and chips for their suppers.

They boil over with anger when town women, down for a week-end, pass slighting remarks about outside earth closets, condemn the poor lighting and the lack of running water.

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Here's the Answer

—in which it is shown that an Evacuation Minister using his imagination and good psychology, and assisted by helpers with the right spirit, could do a lot more than merely easing away the troubles created by a temporary shift in the distribution of population

nicipal authorities in danger areas parents that only they would send children away the State would buy winter clothes. But the country le find now that they are expected the providing

ey can get the money only by bad- billeting officers, or agreeing that nts should pay them back at a few ngs a week.

t a farm worker, earning less than pounds a week has difficulty in buy- clothes for his own children, never foster-children.

antime, there is a constant demand pedding, clothes, boots and water- fs that cannot be met by distracted ing officers who have been betrayed heir local authorities.

itain must make up its mind to the ence of the problems, and use them elp in resettling the people of the try after the war.

r often a new way of life can grow of such confusion, if the seed is ed gently and the shoot watered human understanding.

e obvious solution is to settle uees in homes—or camps—of their

New Communities ?

here are thirty-one such camps now existence, providing a happy life seven thousand former city children. ooking beyond the war, local authori- can even now start to provide new es for evacuated families, arranging the transfer of bombed factories, mas, shops and churches to a new munity in the country.

ebris and unwanted shelter building erials could be utilised for this.

eantime, problems of children rated from their parents, of women omes where they are not wanted, of -crowding, of municipal niggardli- , of high rents, of big hotels g used only by the wealthy, of schooling, of boredom leading to disquiet, must be solved by human understanding, not hide-bound regulations.

People of Lingfield, Surrey, tried, and they succeeded.

Lingfield has lost hardly a child evacuee since the beginning of the war. Yet the cottages there are jampacked with townspeople.

More than five hundred town children attend the local school; and as well as the "three Rs," boys learn farming, girls weaving.

Then there is a "ventilation bureau," organised by Lingfield's Evacuation Reception Committee, where anybody with a complaint can say just what he likes either about his hostess or his evacuees.

Everybody Happy

Billets are swapped, children are found more congenial homes, experts take a hand in helping those youngsters who are not house-trained. In fact, realising that evacuation has come to stay as part of their war effort, the Lingfield people have decided that they might as well make everybody happy. And they have.

Even boredom has been conquered at nearby Blindley Heath, where evacuated mothers meet at a communal centre to knit, sew and gossip.

Brandon, Suffolk, is another model reception area.

Mothers evacuated to Brandon found fully furnished cottages awaiting them, with kettles singing and sausages sizzling on the fires.

All the furniture and crockery was provided by cottagers on the advice of Mr. Bernard Lingwood, chief billeting officer. Village women scrubbed the floors for their guests.

In providing "homes" and not just billets for evacuated mothers, you have the long-term solution to the whole evacuation problem.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

★ Trenchant critic of all war-time anomalies, Hannen Swaffer again answers a batch of pertinent questions, and pulls no punches when he lashes out at the muddle-heads

SHOULD WE GO IN FOR REPRISALS?

● Certainly not! They are a waste of time. They are a waste of life. They are a waste of money.

In a ring it is all-important that a boxer should keep his head. Now and then a man who has "seen red" has won in a sudden burst of frenzy; but not often.

If a pugilist loses his temper, he is apt to get the worst of it.

By careful, cold-blooded planning the R.A.F. has smashed the invasion, destroyed munition works, oil depositories, and bases of supply, and done infinite harm to our enemy. For instance it has ruined Hamburg.

If, instead of sticking to that job, it had destroyed Beauty, merely in revenge, we might have lost the war.

When, in private life, a man affronts you, keep cool.

Keep cool in any circumstance. "Revenge" never got anybody anywhere.

CAN WINTER WEATHER KEEP JERRY AWAY?

● To some extent it will. If it does not, it will at least help to bring him down.

Some of those variants of English climate which we curse have been our good friends in past campaigns. They will be our good friends again.

The layers in which icing can be expected are as variable over this country as a Manchester summer. We are years ahead of the Nazis in de-icing equipment.

On some of his machines, in fact, he does no more than paint the wings with oily stuff to which he thinks the ice will not adhere.

It won't—at first. But it will by the time he gets anywhere near Liverpool or Birmingham.

De-icing devices are a structural part of British war machines.

Italian aircraft are even more fair-weather machines than are the German 'planes. Plywood enters into a lot of them.

They were designed more for Mediterranean conditions.

Gales have already kept the Nazis away on one or two occasions. They will keep him away still more.

Low fog doesn't bother the indiscriminate bomber a lot—unless it lies over his own aerodrome.

You get solid fog up to tremendous heights in Britain.

It makes you wheeze and cough, and sends many people to the doctors.

But it will give you nights of sleep this winter—and you will bless it.

HAS WASTE BEEN CURBED?

● No; it still goes on, almost unchecked.

A colleague saw soldiers cleaning hundreds of lorry tyres the other day with petrol.

Petrol eats away rubber. And petrol is wanted for Spitfires.

I hear of a woman lucky enough to live in a village at which a battalion of troops halted.

The food she collected after they had eaten their meal by the roadside was enough to feed her family for the rest of the war.

Then I hear of a contractor who undertook to build defensive emplacements.

He was allowed to sell all the soil he excavated because, being excellent soil, it was much sought after.

When the excavations had finished, he found he had taken away twice as much as necessary. One of those all-wise people paid to conduct our wars had given him the wrong measurements!

"But—soil," he stammered.

"That's all right," they told him. "You can *buy* some more and fill it in."

That's what he had to do!

I hear, too, of a manufacturer who was dismayed at the price offered him for an article necessary for the war.

"I have the most modern machinery," he said. "I can make these things at half the price. Beside, I count myself a bit of a Socialist. I don't want to have bricks thrown at me after the war as a profiteer. Come, can't we arrange that I take less?"

They curled their lips.

"Call yourself a Socialist!" they said. "Why don't you act like one? If the price you suggest were the price we paid, the little men who haven't got machinery like yours would be working at a loss. And we need the little men."

Big-wigs don't adapt prices to circumstances

WHY CONTROL ONIONS AND LEMONS?

● "I can't get them, anyway," said a friend.

Control would have been right; but it came too late.

It came just six weeks after every man in the country—village idiots included—knew it was necessary.

By that time the cornerers had bought the stuff and sold it again, making a great deal of money.

The people who held the stocks when control came were the mugs—holding the baby.

When they cut their losses and sold at less than they gave, the public thought they were getting things cheaply. So they were, compared with the old price.

So there is a control of the prices of something that doesn't exist.

CAN YOU DODGE FATE IN SHELTERS?

● "What's the good of being below ground?" say some folk, "seeing that a bomb that drops near enough is going to kill you anyway?"

A mathematical friend of mine has visited the scene of several hundreds of bombings.

He has worked out that bombs which devastate five acres—that is 24,000 square yards—above ground, disturb the soil over an area of 120 square yards at a depth of one foot, thirty square yards at a depth of six feet, five square yards at a depth of ten feet or less.

A big bomb *might* penetrate thirty-five feet or more.

I don't suppose that, at that depth, more than 200 of Greater London's 2,146,322,200 square yards has felt the blast of a bomb.

"I'll show 'em, when I've had my WEETABIX!"

When boys and girls dash in from their games ravenously hungry, there's nothing better for them than Weetabix. Weetabix is appetising, sustaining, easy to digest, and energy-creating. Made from whole, sun-ripened wheat—the best of all foods—not only for youngsters, but for people of all ages. Rich in the essential Vitamin B1 and the mineral salts needed for maintaining health and strength, especially in war-time. Economical too, because there is no waste. Can be served with hot or cold milk, or eaten dry in a wide variety of ways at all times of the day.

WEETABIX LTD. (Dept. J.B.21), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Weetabix

Of all Grocers and Stores

STANDARD SIZE 7½D.
DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

That awkward moment when children beg for something sweet . . .

Six Facts every mother ought to know

in these days of food restrictions

1. When children beg for something sweet, it is because their active, growing bodies are in need of an extra ration of energy.

2. The sweetness of Horlicks, which comes from the natural milk sugar and malt sugars in it, is loved by children and it gives them added energy *in a form which their bodies make use of at once.*

3. It passes into the blood-stream without putting any strain on the digestion and so never causes "upsets."

4. Horlicks contains 14-15% of body-building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full-cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

5. Calcium—which builds firm bones and good teeth—is also contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the child to use this calcium to the best advantage.

6. Horlicks is a *complete* food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in the children's other food, and corrects any tendency to monotony in their diet. Let your children have Horlicks these days. They'll love it and they will be all the better for it.

HORLICKS

Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. From all chemists & grocers.

SAVE BY USING MAZDA COILED-COIL LAMPS

Remember—cheaper lamps cost more to use

Margaret Anne KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD

How she enjoys her daily cup of OXO after playing. And how easy for Mother to make—an OXO Cube, a cup of hot water—a delicious and nourishing drink quickly made.

OXO CUBE OXO

—NO INCREASE IN PRICE!

STRENGTHENS THE HOME FRONT

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

The Skipper Goes to War

By Hedley Barker

THE pantomime was free. A continuous performance from ten a.m. until any old hour. The pantomime was Cap'n Glass, lately retired from "tramping", the seven seas in a rusty freighter, and now living in the hill-top cottage at Thatchby Lees.

It had been pretty miserable at first for Cap'n Glass.

He missed the charthouse, the heeling decks, and the rush of cunning seas, and he complained that his bed didn't lift to the swell any longer.

"Give me a freighter," he would roar in his deep-water voice, "rolling like hell's bells, and I'm happy."

"Freighter fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Glass. "You settle yourself down and be a nice civilian, Cap'n Glass. Don't you think I've had enough of being a sailor's wife? You want a hobby, that's what you want."

Certain it was that Cap'n Glass needed something of the kind, for he looked like going mad of boredom.

For a week the Cap'n roared like a bull in a barn and stamped about the house something terrible. Several times Mrs. Glass had to pull him up about his language, which was pretty rich, even for a Cape Horn sailor.

If he didn't improve, she said, she'd go spend a fortnight with her married sister and leave him to fend for himself.

And then, one morning, the parson came along with a book in his hand.

A pasty-faced delicate wisp of a man, this parson, and the Cap'n eyed him with smouldering disfavour. For his part he wouldn't give two-pennorth of ullage for the whole boiling of Thatchby Lees.

"Good morning, Captain," said the parson.

"You're not looking well," accused Cap'n Glass, fixing the parson with a severe eye. "Beef, that's what you want, some beef on them bones of yours."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed the parson. "I don't enjoy very good health."

"A voyage to the River Plate," boomed Cap'n Glass, "that's what you want. Mid-winter, all hatches battened down, the ship rolling like a drunken fireman."

The Cap'n spat.

The parson's face twisted into a nervous smile.

Diffidently, he offered the book. The Cap'n took it gingerly, turned it about as if it might explode in his hand.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"It's a thriller," said the parson. "I thought it might help to pass away an hour or two."

The Cap'n threw it down.

"Thrills?" he hollered. "You don't know what thrills are."

WHAT a life! thought Cap'n Glass when the parson had gone. His eye swivelled to the book on the table. He picked it up, began to read.

Presently he sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes starting, his hand, reaching for the glass of rum, arrested in mid-air.

The pantomime had begun; the pantomime that was to result in the ruination of meals and the complete loss of the Cap'n as a companion for Mrs. Glass.

Three times she called him for lunch.

He heard not.

There he sat, rapt, oblivious of everything save the doings of the hero. But that wasn't all. Mrs. Glass, coming out for the fourth time, stood rigid and gaped.

For Cap'n Glass was contorting himself into all manner of shapes.

While he stared at his page as if struck silly he grimaced horribly, grinned, clenched and unclenched his free hand, writhed in his chair, twisted his feet round its legs, and occasionally muttered an incoherency.

It was enough.

Tight-lipped, she bore down on him, snatched the book out of his hand.

"The very idea!" she protested. "You don't know what you looked like. And your lunch all spoiling, too."

Cap'n Glass gave a roar.

"Blood and bones, woman!—give me my book."

"But your lunch——"

"My book!"

Three o'clock, four, five.

Tradesmen came and went, lorries thundered past the bottom of the garden, a smart shower watered the Cap'n's untouched rum. At half-past six he closed the book, sighed out his pent breath, and ate his lunch—cold.

"I should think," said his wife, "you might apologise, Cap'n Glass."

"Eh?" His face wore a strange, absent look as he stared at her. "By Adam's rib," he exclaimed, "that was exciting."

HE arose, took his hat. From the garden gate she saw him flying down the road to catch the bus to Colchester. And in the kitchen she sniffed, shook her head, shed a tear or two.

Her heart sank when she saw what he had brought back from Colchester.

Thrillers.

A dozen of them

A hobby was what he had wanted, and now he had found one with a vengeance. A silence settled on the house.

No longer did the salt-water voice of Cap'n Glass set the rafters ringing.

Cooked meals were wasted on him. After a while Mrs. Glass gave them up in despair. There he sat, day after day, in the garden, a free pantomime for the village kids laughing in the hedge.

"It's like digging for diamonds," Mrs. Glass told him, "trying to get a word out of you. And I'm not going to stand it any longer. Either this stops, Cap'n Glass, and you behave like a human being, or something's going to happen."

"Didn't you tell me I wanted a hobby?" demanded the Cap'n.

"I didn't expect you to ride it to death. And you not having your proper meals—it isn't right."

"The two most unreasonable things in this world," growled Cap'n Glass, "are a woman and a ship. I once took a ship out to Rio that——"

There he sat, rapt, oblivious of everything save the doings of the hero, grimacing as he devoured the pages, and occasionally muttering an incoherency.

"I don't want to hear about your old ships," interrupted his better half. "I've said my say, and you'd better think it over."

But apparently Cap'n Glass was beyond improvement.

One morning Mrs. Glass got a cab to the garden gate and called good-bye to him therefrom. The Cap'n didn't hear. He was grimacing over the latest blood-and-thunder.

Mrs. Glass had expected this, and propped up by the cheese dish on the table was a note.

He opened it and read:

"Dear Cap'n Glass,—When you've come to your senses and are ready to treat me like a wife, you can let me know. Until then I shall be at my sister Mary's.—Ethel."

BY the next morning's post came a letter from his old friend, Captain Streeter.

Streeter, it seemed, was sailing in a convoy down the Channel in two days' time.

"There should be something doing," he wrote. "We'll hardly get through the Channel without Jerry having a go at us.

"This seems to me to be just up your street. I know you've been bursting to see something of the war, and this kind of excitement ought to suit you down to the ground. So, if you're agreeable and can make it, come along and occupy the spare cabin."

Cap'n Glass rubbed his hands with relish.

Things seemed to have panned out very nicely.

With Ethel out of the way, he could follow his own sweet inclinations. Cap'n Glass sent off a wire—"Join ship Monday night"—and packed his bag.

But the Cap'n didn't have it all his own way; he was stricken down with lumbago, and shortly after he had embarked he had to take to his bed.

"Tough luck," said Captain Streeter. "Still, your porthole gives on to the German side of the Channel, so you'll have a front seat at the fun and games."

IT was a hot August night when the convoy swam abreast of Dover, black with little breeze.

Captain Streeter was just closing up to keep station when the sky flared red, green and yellow with floating balls of fire, and immediately the convoy was brilliantly lit up.

Signal for action, this, and at once action was joined.

Every kind of gun went off, as though a button had been pressed.

As the destroyers took on the motor torpedo-boats, Captain Streeter yelled like mad to his anti-aircraft gunner and pointed upwards to where a Nazi aircraft was coming nose down with machine-guns blazing.

The ship shook and shuddered from end to end, the night was filled with pandemonium, the thud of exploding shells, clang of machine-gun bullets, shouts of men.

And at the last moment Captain Streeter let out a wild and desperate yell.

"Hard-a-port! Hard over!"

Too late.

The torpedo struck on the port quarter with a boom like the crack of doom. But it was the convoy's lucky night. No ship seriously damaged, no casualties, and for Streeter only a rudder gone.

When his ship was safely in tow, Streeter went down to see Cap'n Glass.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of that for a night out?"

"By thunder," said Cap'n Glass, "by the rock of Gibraltar, that was exciting!"

And the Cap'n closed his book.

In times like these old friends are best

In air-raid shelters, in the family Anderson, in canteens and mess-rooms, in look-out posts and wardens' dugouts, thousands of men and women are finding comfort in Fry's Cocoa.

A piping hot cup of Fry's is full of goodness, food and energy value, rich in nerve-strengthening substances. Serve Fry's often. Excellent for growing children, helps everyone to sleep well, fills up the gaps in a wartime diet.

Fry's is economical too. It is one of the few foods that have actually *come down in price* since the war—and the *quality is unchanged.*

FRY'S COCOA

RICH IN NERVE FOOD

DOWN IN PRICE. • *Now 5d. per ¼ lb.*

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are quickly banished by

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/5 and 3/5. SINGLE DOSE (*Prices include Purchase Tax*).

2½D

MINISTRY OF FOOD

FOOD FACTS

The Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Food sends you this message on how to keep well in the winter.

"I think you all know a little about protective foods by now. They're the foods that build you up and keep you merry and bright whatever infections may be about. You're going to need protection this winter, so I advise you all to eat plenty of green vegetables (especially watercress), carrots, potatoes, and salads.

Make sure of these protective foods and then you can eat what you like — and you should keep fighting fit."

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Good News about Carrots

Here's good news! Carrots—one of the most valuable of all root vegetables—are plentiful this winter! Carrots are rich in Vitamin A which helps to protect us from many infections, including those of the throat and chest. We should serve them as often as we can. Here's one suggestion — braised carrots. Scrape 2 lb. carrots and slice them into rings. Heat 1 oz. fat in a saucepan, put in the carrots, cover, and cook for 10 minutes, shaking occasionally. Add 1 teacupful of stock or water with pepper and salt to taste. Cover the pan and simmer for ½ to ¾ hour. Dish up the carrots and keep them warm. Reduce the liquid in the pan a little by boiling; add a handful of finely chopped feathery carrot tops or some chopped parsley. Pour over the carrots and serve. Enough for four or five people.

Brose, a Scottish Recipe

This is another protective dish. Prepare and slice a turnip, a few carrots and some cabbage, or any other vegetables you have. Put them in a pan with a meaty bone, cover with water and simmer until tender.

Put a handful of oatmeal into a soup bowl (a separate bowl is required for each person), add a pinch of pepper and salt and a small piece of margarine. Now add a ladleful of stock from the pan while still boiling and stir. Serve immediately.

The vegetables themselves may be served for the next course.

A Winter Salad

This salad with wholemeal bread and butter (or margarine) makes a meal in itself. It is an excellent way of using up cooked meat.

Mix a teacupful of chopped cooked meat with four cooked potatoes, sliced thinly, and ½ a teacupful of cooked, diced carrots. Line a salad bowl with the finely sliced heart of a small raw cabbage and watercress sprigs, and pile the meat mixture in the middle. Round the pile arrange neat heaps of chopped celery and grated raw beetroot (you will need ½ a teacupful of each of these) and small bunches of watercress sprigs. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the middle pile and you will have a colourful and delicious dish. This serves four hungry people.

Cautionary Tale!

Auntie threw her rinds away.
To the lock-up she was taken.
There she is and there she'll stay
Till she learns to save her bacon!

Hear the answers to your food problems on the wireless at 8.15 every morning.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

When Peace breaks out!

(as it will do you know), and the lights come on again, we shall look back on these days and remember gratefully the things that brought us cheer and gave us heart in even the glummest hours. Perhaps the remembrance of a smile on the face of some incorrigible optimist; the companionship of wise counsel; or the echo of someone's laughter.

Millions of people will remember gratefully their wireless set that brought them the steadying and inspiring voice of our Prime Minister. Brought them courage and humour, and the good companionship of Priestley. Brought them guidance or diversion when they were most needed.

When peace breaks out, we shall all look back and remember the work that millions of wireless sets are doing now, at this very moment.

E. J. POWER.

MURPHY

MUNITIONS FOR + THE HOME FRONT +

C.R.C. 531

Even though the village is no longer an isolated unit in the life of the nation, country people still hate to break the habits of the centuries. They refuse to accept strangers

I HATE the Country!

HUMANIST advises evacuees to stay in the country even though they detest the silence and crave for the familiar scenes of town life. He chides the country people for being standoffish, reminds everybody that safety now comes before comfort

MANY people will be angry when they hear what I have to say about this week's crop of evacuation problems.

Townspeople grumble because they miss urban amenities in the villages, and in some country places people are being unnecessarily "difficult."

"I was evacuated with my wife and children eight weeks ago," says one reader, "and we are still regarded as strangers here. When my wife goes shopping, she is charged top prices, and there are no cheap 'bits' such as she could get in town.

"I have tried in vain to make myself sociable at the village club. But I am cold-shouldered everywhere. The local people keep aloof.

"Although my home has been bombed, I want to return to town, where I should at least find that fellow-feeling that does so much to ease a hard road.

"There seems to be a barrier that cannot be broken down.

"My wife is feeling the strain of trying to live a new sort of life without the least assistance from her new 'friends.'

"I feel like packing and jumping on the first waggon back to town. I am virtually an outcast in my own country."

Village Life Unbearable

And here is a woman reader's complaint:—

"I was evacuated with my two children," she writes, "and my husband is in London. I do so want to get back to him, as village life is unbearable. I feel a round peg in a square hole.

"The house is very big, and the sound of your footsteps gives you the creeps. I get bored trying to live up to something I am not.

"All shopping is done by telephone.

"How I miss the coster's barrow, and the coster's good humour!

"It compensates for Jerry's bombs. And what I could get for 10s. costs 12s. and 14s. here.

"I must get back before Christmas.

"I shall go 'cracked' if I stay here. It is all too serious.

"If this is country life, give me London with all its dangers.

"You do 'live' there, and people are sociable.

"But here I have no neighbours; no one calls to see me; and I can't stand the lack of good feeling."

It would be easy to fill several pages with similar letters, all complaining about country folk.

I don't think the people in safety areas are really hostile to war victims. But they are not in the habit of making friends quickly.

They are suspicious of strangers.

Years ago this was understandable.

Villagers knew everything about each other. Most of them were related. They knew the parents and grandparents, and the whole family record. But a newcomer was suspect because they did not know his "come from."

He was a "foreigner."

In these days of buses and cars, radios and cinemas, education and annual holidays, this old-time attitude should have disappeared.

The village is no longer an isolated unit. Yet the ancient habits persist.

Once strangers have been "accepted," they will be treated with the greatest kindness. But it takes time. Evacuees must be patient.

Wrongly Billeted

Obviously, the writer of the second letter has been billeted in the wrong kind of home.

She is over-awed by the big house and the atmosphere of gentility. She should talk to the billeting officer, and seek a transfer to a more modest household.

When she pines for the street markets and the jokes of the costers, she should remember that she is saving the lives of her children. If she must go back to town, she must leave the children in safety.

It is so easy to dwell upon disadvantages because they are so near. She forgets that her old home is smashed.

If she returned, she would spend her nights in public shelters or in Tube stations. She forgets the dangers to health during the coming winter.

Surely she can endure even the want of friendly neighbours for the sake of immunity from bombs hurled at random?

I believe people who are not compelled to stay in town should be dispersed over the countryside.

Safety, not comfort, is the ideal at present.

A Different Story

Another letter, telling a different story, says:—

"You are urging the evacuation of mothers and children to the country" (writes a woman), "but it is not such a simple matter as it might appear.

"As my husband is a regular soldier, it is not necessary for me to stay in this city, and I should be only too glad to leave.

"All my relatives live in danger areas, so obviously I cannot go to them. I have tried again and again in vain to get a house in the country, but the rents are too high, or the landlord does not want children.

"I was the first applicant on a list for a house in a village It was well within my means, and would have been ideal, but the landlord lived next door and he refused on account of the children.

"I often have to waken my children several times during the night to take them to our Anderson shelter.

"It certainly is a splendid idea to get into the country away from all this.

"The quietness would not trouble me. I am no lover of city life. It is just my bad luck that my husband was stationed here when war broke out and had to leave me here."

It is ironical that a woman who detests city life should be unable to go to the country, while other women, who love the city, should be chafing against the restrictions of the country.

The problem could be solved by "swopping" houses.

Several people protest because they receive a smaller allowance from the Army when they move out of London, yet the cost of living is no less in the villages.

Others are being ousted from comfortable billets because wealthier people offer twice as much for the rooms.

This ought to be stopped by law.

Billeting allowances have been adjusted, and agreements should be kept.

People in reception areas should not be open to bribery.

CREATION

WE are a Nation of Builders, Creation is in our soul, whatever we see or whatever we touch we long to make it whole. But those who are out to destroy us are Destructionists at heart, they believe they can gain the World by rending the World apart.

THEY think that Greatness and Power are in the same street as Brute Force, they don't realise Empire Dominion has Humanity for its source, that millions of hearts are united by one upward and spiritual urge, they think they can make an Empire by The Frightful Law of The Purge.

WE are a Nation of Builders and the things we build will stand, for they're built with the stuff of Hopes and Dreams and the Endurance of Soul and Hand. They're built on the intermingling of mankind in a thousand spheres, they're built on the Social Expansion of Trust, not on Living Space staked with Fears.

AND that is why we are fighting this hideous upstart Ramp, that has but the Mark of To-day on its Arms put on with a blood-wet stamp, for there is nothing abiding in its fabric or its shape, and against the Work of Man's Hand it has but the cunning Paw of the Ape.

AND when this War is over and the Tyrants have gone their way, when the sun shines on the Things that Last, when to-morrow becomes to-day, our Mighty Human Empire with its flaws and virtues bare, will Stand in Triumphant Freedom—the Freedom we Give and Share.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

FOR nearly seventeen years Mr. Jenkins, of Gorebridge, Midlothian, served in the Royal Navy and the R.F.R. He was demobilised in 1919, but he has been so ill during the last ten years that it has been impossible for him to work.

His career in the Services has left an indelible mark on his present health.

During the last few months his wife has also been seriously ill, and through trying to stem the avalanche of expense created by illness, these two people are now in arrears with their rent. They are even threatened with eviction.

There are four children. Two of them have recently started work, but their wages are infinitesimal. Help this struggling family. They deserve it.

Donations should be earmarked "R.N." and sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

How . . . . ?
When . . . . ?
Why . . . . ?

This Famous Remedy Stops

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HOW does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder act? By neutralising pain-causing acid, protecting the inflamed stomach lining and removing health-ruining poisons from the body.

WHEN does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder act? At once. Biting acid is neutralised immediately, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, PAIN is stopped!

WHY does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder often end dangerous ulceration? Because it soothes inflamation, protects the eroded area from the acid and enables it to heal. Get a 1/5 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford and your money will be refunded in full. But make sure you get the remedy made by Macleans Ltd. Ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "Alex C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½ per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 7d. In Bottles 1/- and 2/3

Including Purchase Tax

NEW NO-BOIL METHOD SAVES OVER HALF YOUR WASHDAY FUEL

Clothes last one-third longer! Washing finished 1½ hours earlier! No hard rubbing!

YOU'LL use only a quarter of the gas you usually use for washing, or—if you use coal—you'll use less than half, if you change to the no-boiling way of washing clothes with Rinso.

There is no boiling and *no hard rubbing* with this new method. You simply *soak* the clothes in Rinso suds for 15 or 20 minutes. Even the extra-dirty whites come dazzlingly clean.

And tests prove that:—

Clothes will last at least one-third longer.

An average family wash (50 pieces) can be finished one-and-a-half hours earlier!

For your country's sake, as well as your own, save your fuel and your clothes, your time and your energy! Remember Rinso does the whole wash, without bar soap, flakes or any other washing product. It keeps silks and woollens in the best condition. It brings coloureds up fresh and lovely. Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 1/- (Giant size).

War-time Advice Free!
The makers of Rinso have set up an Advice Department to help women to economise during the war. All the experience of the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories is at your service. Write to the Director, Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire

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TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

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The FINER QUALITY WAX POLISH
costs no more
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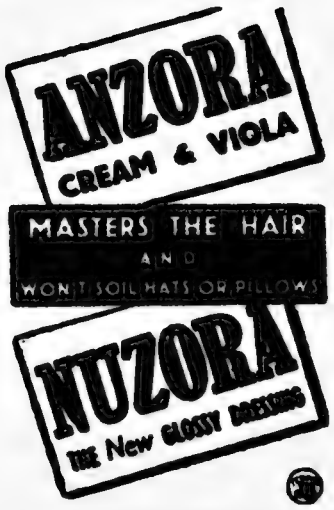
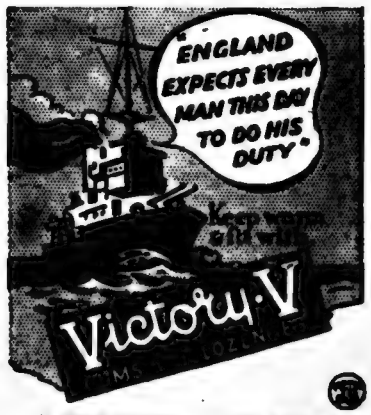
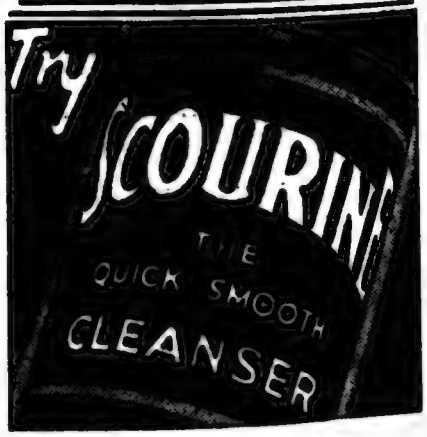


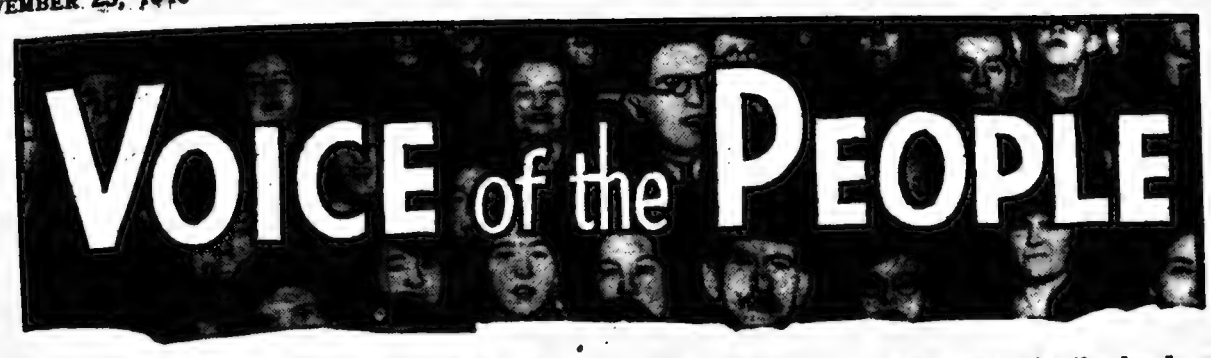


★ COMFORTING & PROTECTING

From sweetshops everywhere 9d. per qtr.



Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores



HAVING left my job as industrial organiser to volunteer for the Army I feel competent to put my finger on a few weak spots in Army administration.

To begin with, I was one of 400 men waiting about for 2 hours 23 minutes 15 seconds for our pay. Your own cashiers will tell you how long this should take.

To me it represents a loss of 800 man-hours—time and energy that should have been devoted to learning to counter Hitler.

The 400 men I mention waste—each of them—2 hours 17 minutes every day *waiting* to answer bugles, not answering them, mind you.

Many hours of parade seem to me to be a waste of time, because they have nothing to do with military efficiency, but I will leave that out of it. The Army loves its spit and polish.

Sufficient to say that hundreds of thousands of men eager to get on with the job of becoming efficient, *modern* soldiers, hate the idea of lounging about parade grounds—being anything but loungers.—A. G. L. (organiser of 109 factories, representing 24 industries and 85,000 workpeople), A Barracks in England.

WHY not make shelter wardens—who have large sections of the London population as their audiences—take the oath of allegiance?

I know one who misuses his official position to preach what seems dangerously near to sedition.

Then two head wardens in charge of shelters under big blocks of flats take advantage of their status to spread subversive propaganda.

It is done so subtly that I hesitate to inform the police, yet I see the intention to "propagand" is there. The obvious solution is to make sure you have the right man in the job, and ask him to take an oath that satisfies you as to his complete loyalty.—Mary Walters, London Road, West Croydon.

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

★

BRIGHTEST places I know in the black-out are two military camps. One particular barrack block usually has lights shining from two or three windows, something like fifty chinks of assorted sizes and brilliance—and a door that swings open now and then, apparently when a soldier enters or leaves, showing a beam like a searchlight.

Surely the military should be experts in the art of concealment.—Mary Denton, Woolacombe Road, S.E.3.

In several instances commanding officers have cut off the barrack-room electricity. Thus do one or two don't-cares spoil life for the rest. Incidentally, some units have to provide their own black-outs. Even greatcoats are used to stop chinks!

AN official of the Mines Department says that people who are short of coal have only themselves to blame. They should have filled up their coal-sheds when advised to do so.

I took that advice, yet I am without coal. I have made repeated calls on my merchant (a leading coal dealer in London) and have been told he couldn't get supplies himself.

It would be interesting to know who is really to blame. I can see the public is going to get the blame, as usual.—James Andrew, Brighton Road, Purley, Surrey.

There is no coal shortage. There is a glut, in fact. The collieries have it stacked high—can't get wagons in which to send it away. Not even their own wagons!

SINCE the ban on the use of hand torches during an "Alert" I can testify to twenty-three accidents that could have been avoided had the victims been allowed a glimmer of light.

Modified traffic lights and the "bawbee blink" car lighting system are allowed. Surely pedestrians should not be penalised to the point of risking serious injury.

A properly screened hand torch pointed downwards is less noticeable than a glowing cigarette.—V. M., London, N.W.11.

Ministry of Home Security retorts there are more pedestrians—and that one candle-power in the hands of each pedestrian moving, say, from a railway station, comprises 1,000 candle-power.

MUST money be thrown away?

The Home Guard denim suits must have cost the country at least two million pounds—and now the fiat has gone forth that they must be replaced by a new issue of battledress.

Yet the denims are thoroughly serviceable, and, when properly fitted, of really fine appearance.—Home Guard Section Commander H. Marley, Russell Street, Brandon Colliery, Durham.

Officially stated that denims will be re-issued next summer.

NOW that so many people have to spend cold nights in the shelters the Government should strive to see they are able to buy efficient sleeping-bags at the cheapest possible price.

Wool is scarce, I know.

But experts should be invited to evolve the best and cheapest article they can from the materials available.

Lives would be saved, and the health and comfort of millions assured.—C. B., Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

IN thousands of country gardens and orchards—and in our cellars—are enormous quantities of good English fruits, much of which is doomed to decay.

Is there no way the householder can preserve them in the manner of dried apple rings, and hold them at the disposal of institutions that might want them for the public good?

Such householders cannot afford canning machines, bottling is too expensive, and the use of sugar is out of the question.

Surely the Government should advise us on such subjects as this!—W. H. Newall, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Ministry of Agriculture issues a sixpenny booklet on food preserving (newsagent will order it for you) which will tell you how to dry all fruits and vegetables like apple rings. Airing cupboard makes an excellent drying kiln.

PEOPLE say that this town has never heard the sound of a German aircraft because Oswald Mosley put in a word for us to Hitler.

"I know the town well," he is said to have stated, "and it consists of nothing but poor, hard-working people."

For all I know, it has been circulated in other towns that have been spared bombing.—R. Lewis (address withheld for obvious reasons).

It has, indeed. But the fools who believe it should remember what has happened to the poor, hard-working people of East London. Oh, Adolf is so solicitous about the poor!

DISABLED while serving in the last war, my disablement makes writing a matter of some little difficulty, but these words must be written.

It is amazing how kind people have become to such people as myself since the *blitzkrieg* began. Every man or woman seems eager to look after my safety and comfort before making sure of his or her own.

More kindness has been showered on me in the last two months than in the previous twenty years of physical suffering.

Waves of depression are part of my affliction. Everybody I know helps to cheer me.

I don't know by what psychological process the people of this great City have been transformed, but transformed they are. I thank them every one.—Walter Craven, Royal College Street, Kentish Town, N.W.1.

No deep psychological process is involved. It is just that they have learned to understand.

EVEN though we are only eleven-year-olds, we wanted to do our bit for our country by making small flags and selling them to raise money for a Spitfire, which a policeman we met said we could do and asked us to get it in writing. When we went to the police station we were refused, although we don't want to make any money out of it, only buy Spitfires, being willing and eager to do what we can.

Can you suggest anything?—C. Leach and A. Jones, Slope Avenue, Goldthorpe, near Rotherham.

They were quite right at the police station. It is their duty to see people aren't badgered in the streets to buy flags, except on special occasions. You ask your dads if it isn't fair? But ask the police officer where you can sell these flags without making people say: "What, another flag day!" We bet he'll help you.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"A CARTER in the roadway was about 30 feet wide."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"These three left the house and stood outside, talking to the LAND, and were there a considerable time."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—"The FIRELIGHTERS were handicapped by the fierce heat and smoke."

CLECKHEATON AND SPENBOROUGH GUARDIAN:—"Defendant could not produce his LIVING licence at a traffic check."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. H. H. ——, a 70-year-old TENEMENT in a house a few yards from the hall, said crockery was thrown from the shelves."

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO AND SHIPPING GAZETTE:—". . . moving four and a quarter pounds UNACCUSTOMED tobacco."

GLASGOW HERALD:—"From an audience of about 2,000, Sergeant H—— was given a HOUSING ovation."

SUTTON TIMES AND CHEAM MAIL:—". . . on a charge of RESERVING from the Auxiliary Pioneer Corps."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Keeping Fit

IN times of stress we all tend to become a little careless, to get a bit slack in our habits, to omit doing this and that because "it doesn't matter."

Yet such circumstances are never an excuse for throwing overboard old laws. They are usually a striking proof of the validity of the old laws. An ample demonstration of their usefulness.

All the laws of mind and body that made us efficient in the past, that helped to keep us up to the mark, that helped us to pull our weight, are more necessary now than ever before.

That is "a self-evident proposition"—something so true that it had only to be stated for its truth to be generally acknowledged.

Self-control, courage, determination, initiative, the ability to think clearly and incisively. These qualities need to be kept tuned to the highest pitch.

Carelessness in anything, bodily habits or habits of mind, will spread through the whole of our machinery to weaken our effectiveness.

New circumstances call for a more, and not a less, rigid application of the laws that we know will produce bodily and mental health.

What mattered before matters now much more.

Carelessness that before might have affected no one but ourselves now tends to affect many others.

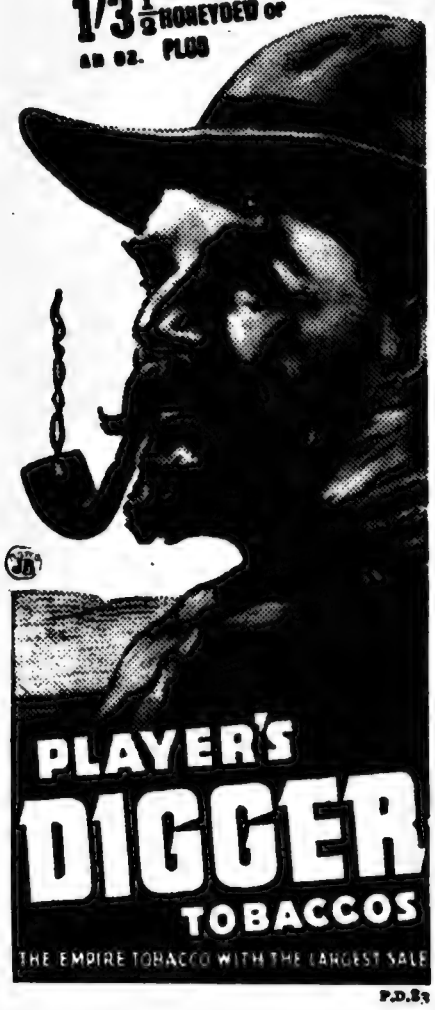
We should all inspect our machinery; tighten loose bearings, and oil the places that need it.

That is the only meaning of "keeping fit."

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick." yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

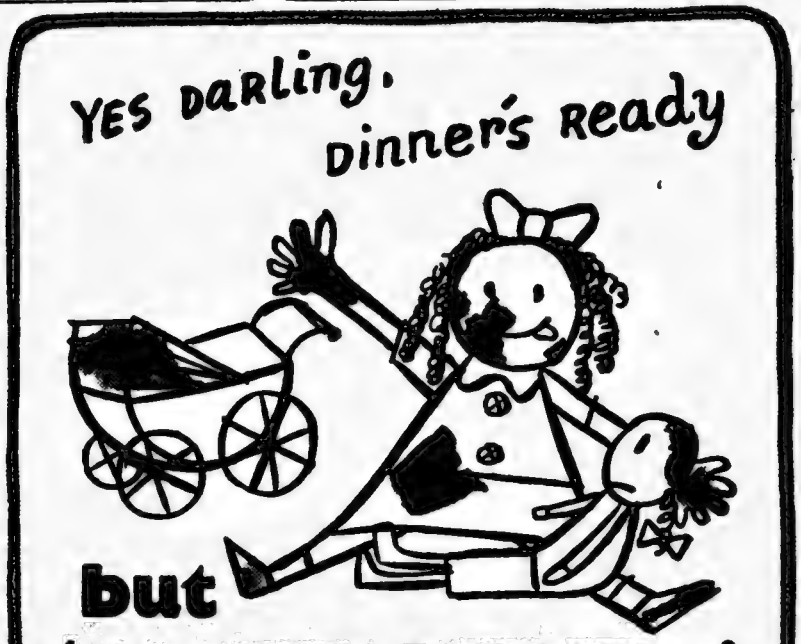
1/3 FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW or PLUG an oz.



PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.23



but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

Doctors tell us that the skin under the nails is a favourite lurking place for germs — that's why nails should be scrubbed with Family Health Soap before meals. Its antiseptic lather minimises the danger of germs. Appoint Family Health as your family health-warden.

KH 69-84-66 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED — SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

HOME MADE BLACK CURRANT COUGH MIXTURE.

Children Love It.

You will certainly have no trouble in persuading your child to take this pleasant-tasting, soothing cough mixture. It is easy to make up at home and brings immediate relief to coughs and colds. This is how to make it. Heat about half a pint of water—don't let it boil. Stir into this 3-4 teaspoonfuls of black currant jam—any jam will do but black currant is best. Strain this through muslin or a fine mesh strainer and allow to cool. Then add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) and stir well. You then have a full half-pint of pleasant tasting yet most effective cough mixture. Parmint can be obtained from any chemist. It is a concentrated essence of 10 medicinal ingredients mixed in exactly the right proportions for curing colds speedily.

Dosage: Adults, 1 tablespoonful; Children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful each four times a day after meals. Make up a bottle to-day and keep it by you and take a dose at the first sign of infection.

BACKACHE

Often due to harmful impurities left in the blood by sluggish kidneys

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will strengthen and invigorate the kidneys, enabling them to rid the system of the harmful impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Family size)

Get Rid Of PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, Zam-Buk Suppositories are now obtainable for internal use. Antiseptic, hygienic and easy to insert, Zam-Buk Suppositories can be depended upon to give the utmost benefit. Left in position at night, they melt at bodily heat and soothe and cure while you sleep.

With Solid

"I had piles so severely I used to work in the greatest discomfort. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought almost immediate relief and soon banished the trouble."
Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk

With Purchase Tax, 1/8.

How can you get a

Fashionable Slim Figure

YOU can't help but admire the simpler yet most attractive styles displayed in the shops just now. But have you got that slim, youthful line which to-day's fashions demand? If not, try Bile Beans.

These fine vegetable pills are the safe, sure way to slenderness and health. They act gently and naturally and can be taken regularly with every confidence.

Bile Beans tone up the system, purify the blood and day by day safely eliminate fat-forming residue. Thus Bile Beans not only rid you of unwanted fat, but clear the skin and improve your health and vitality. So start now to achieve a slim figure

By Nightly Taking

"Within a week of taking Bile Beans I felt the benefit and since I have kept on with them regularly I have gradually lost all my unwanted fat. Two Bile Beans each night have made me look and feel years younger."—Mrs. E. T., Coventry.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness. Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.

The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day. To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion. For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. L-101 L

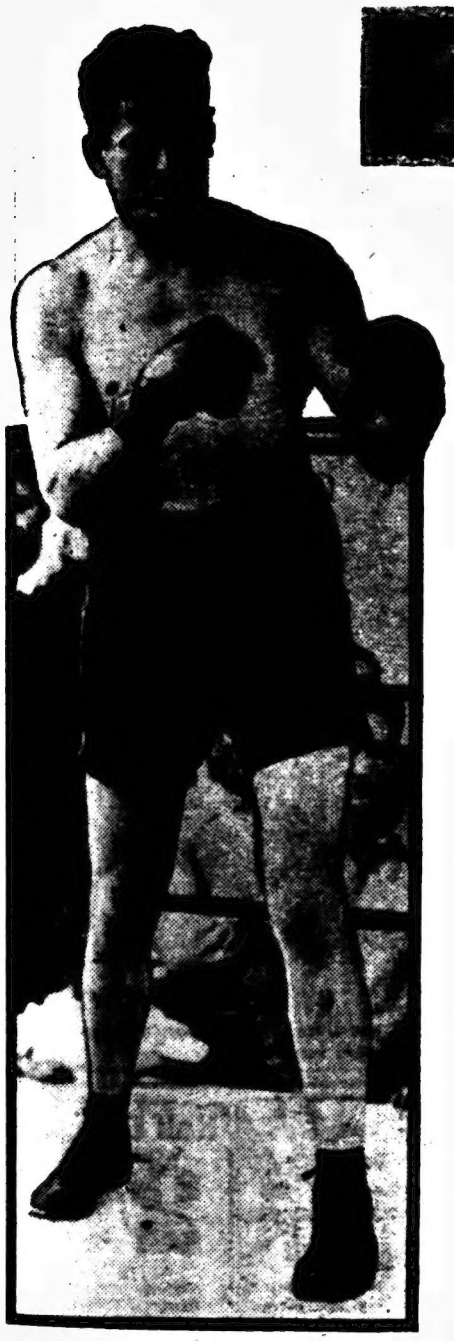
MORE IODINE IN YOUR BLOOD ENDS COLD FEET

Warm all over; you'll feel full of pep; ready for anything

When feet are cold, you feel down and out. You're whacked and can't get warm. Your vitality drops. That's all wrong. It's dangerous, too. That's when colds and 'flu take hold; rheumatism creeps into your system. Your trouble is sluggish foot circulation—cause of chilblains, forerunner of winter ills.

What you need is more Iodine in your blood. Iodine sets the warm blood coursing through your veins. You want good old SIMPSON IODINE SOCKS in your shoes. They liberate Iodine vapour under your feet. Your pores absorb it. Immediately chill and depression go. You feel double the man.

Out in the cold and damp, you are sure of good circulation with Simpson Brand Iodine Socks. Others won't do. You must have them with genuine Simpson Iodine. Bought by millions. Only 1/3 at chemists while untaxed stock lasts. If difficulty, post free 1/9 inc. Purchase Tax from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.7), Bartlett's Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send postcard.



Gene Tunney was not born to be a champion. He made himself one.

SLATTING BOOKWORM

Gene Tunney was a misunderstood champion. Quiet, studious, a man with a definite purpose, he never captured the fancy of those followers of boxing who like their idol to be irresponsible and ablaze with diamonds. Yet Tunney has every right to be prominent among the Giants of the Ring

By A. W. HELLIWELL

NO one paid any attention to the husky good-looking youngster crouching at the ringside with his eyes on a level with the little clouds of resin stirred by the fighters' shuffling feet.

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world, was in there savagely cutting to ribbons a tall and slim Frenchman named Carpentier, and the vast crowd that packed the open-air stadium on the outskirts of Jersey City watched with bated breath as the grim, unshaven Manassa Mauler drove his challenger back to the ropes with smashing lefts and rights.

Intent Watcher

And among that throng of a hundred thousand eager spectators no one watched with greater intentness than the young man who had crept unnoticed to the ringside just before the gong.

He squatted on his haunches with no trace of excitement or emotion on his features as he followed every move and punch the champion made.

Only a little while previously in one of the preliminary bouts he had been given "the bird" by the impatient crowd after making a poor and unworkmanlike job of knocking out burly, sandy-haired Soldier Jones.

They would have laughed even louder had they realised that the clumsy winner of this dreary scramble had made up his mind that he would one day win the world title.

He had trotted back to his dressing-room through a lane of jeering, catcalling spectators who had not even bothered to look at their programmes to discover the name of this unimpressive third-rater.

It was Tunney—James Joseph Tunney—who adopted the childhood nickname of Gene when he made his professional debut as the Fighting Marine.

It was originally intended that he should be a priest, but he was working as a clerk when he joined the Marines and went to France, where he discovered that he was big and strong enough to win their heavyweight title.

He returned to America enthusiastically determined to adopt the career of a professional fighter, but he soon found that the crude methods that had served to flatten any amateur opposition were not of much use against experienced scrappers.

True he made a successful debut in New York and he continued to win all his fights, but he was only mediocre—and intelligent enough to realise it.

Heartbreaking Task

So, not having been shaped in the mould of champions, he set to work to trim himself to the correct pattern. It was a hard and heartbreaking task, but he accomplished it.

Quietly and studiously he built himself up from an indifferent boxer and poor puncher into the Gene Tunney the boxing world remembers, conqueror of Jack Dempsey and one of the "million dollar boys" of the sport.

It is my belief that into whatever channel Tunney had diverted his immense talents he would have risen to the heights.

His amazing power of concentration and terrific tenacity of purpose made him thus formidable.

He was not, and never has been, tremendously popular with the general sporting public.

This is a pity, because Gene is as modest, quietly spoken and likeable a fellow as you could wish to meet, but his taste for classic literature and other highbrow leanings made many fight shy of him.

They could not understand a professional "pug" numbering George Bernard Shaw and Thornton Wilder among his friends, and because of this he was widely branded as a poseur.

A Critic Sneers

"The trouble with Tunney," one of his critics sneered, "is that he once read a book."

This was an unfair taunt, because he was a lover of great literature and a very cultured and widely-read young man long before he ever laced a glove on his big fists.

It was this highbrow scrapper who slowly and painstakingly fashioned himself into a boxer worthy of a tilt at Dempsey's crown.

Fortunately for Tunney, it was only a shadow of the old Dempsey who ducked under the ropes to meet him at Philadelphia in September, 1926, otherwise all his close study of the champion might have been in vain.

Tunney, for all his skill and faultless ringcraft, would never have beaten the man who massacred Willard, Firpo and Carpentier. But he met a champion who no more resembled the "killer" of those memorable occasions than I resemble Mae West.

Dempsey was a worried and harassed man in Philadelphia.

Matrimonial and financial troubles weighed heavily on him.

Writ-servers had chased him almost to the ringside. Once he had cut a hole in the wall of his training quarters to escape them.

"My principal sparring partners are lawyers and detectives," he complained bitterly during his training.

Gene Soft

Moreover, he was soft from a three years' lay-off, and although he did his best to get into good shape, he was no match physically for his challenger.

Gene, on the other hand, was serenely unconcerned by the knowledge that he was due to clash with one of the greatest fighting machines the ring had seen, and he struck a tremendous psychological blow against his already worried opponent by calmly flying to Philadelphia on the morning of the fight.

A slight drizzle was falling when the ex-Marine climbed into the ring to face the scowling champion, and by the time the two men stepped from their corners this had increased to a soaking downpour that continued right through the contest.

But no one in the huge two-million-dollars gate that Rickard's genius for showmanship had attracted was conscious of the rain, for the thrills and drama of the next three-quarters of an hour held them all spellbound.

Dempsey shot from his stool in one of those tigerish rushes that had so often spelt disaster for his opponents in the past, but this time he found his vicious hooks coolly blocked and clean, hard counters landing on his head and ribs.

In he went again, his big, hairy arms flailing murderous punches, but Tunney was no longer the raw novice the crowd had so often jeered.

Rode the Punches

Now long hours of practice in the gymnasium had brought him perfection of style and he rode Dempsey's punches with easy skill, while his long left jolted the champion's unshaven chin again and again.

Only once was Tunney in any danger and that was in the fourth round, when Dempsey, with a flash of his old brilliance, rocked Gene with a terrific left hook to the jaw.

For a split second the challenger hung against the ropes with dropped gloves and trembling knees, wide open to attack, but instead of crashing in, Dempsey hesitated.

That slip cost him his title.

Tunney never gave him another opening, and although his critics always maintained that he lacked a punch, he left the champion a badly battered man when he walked back to his corner after the final gong.

Bruised and bleeding and half-blind, Dempsey waited with his head drooped on his chest in utter dejection for the referee's verdict.

He had to be helped across the ring to congratulate his conqueror, but, like the great sportsman he was, he wore defeat as honourably as he had success.

"You won all right, Gene," he grinned, groping blindly for the new champion's hand. "Good luck to you."

How He Won That Medal

DASH THROUGH MOLTEN METAL

EXPLOSIONS rocked the factory. The blast ripped away the supporting pillars as though they were matchsticks, flung heavy high-tension cables around like threads of cotton. It cut mighty chunks out of the building.

In the foundry, where John Henry Farr and his brother William were working, the furnace burst, throwing white-hot molten metal across the floor.

Picking themselves up the brothers surveyed the wreckage.

John Farr first saw the dim outline of an injured comrade, cut off by a sea of molten metal.

That metal—precious metal for Spitfires—was more than white-hot. It had been fused at such a high temperature that it would have cooked the boots off any man who stepped in it.

John Farr did not think of that.

Stepping, hopping, jumping from place to place, he went across to the injured man, and he carried him back to safety.

Only then did John and William Farr take stock of the situation.

Then they remembered the remaining furnaces, each holding 1,000 lb. of high-grade molten aluminium.

If the furnaces were left untended, with the roaring flames beneath them, the walls would "soften" gradually, sag and burst.

And another 2,000 lb. of aluminium—enough for several Spitfires—would run wild.

Even if the fires died safely down the metal would gradually harden inside the furnaces, making them unusable.

There was nothing for it. Somebody had to risk sudden death clearing those furnaces.

Plunging back into the darkness of the foundry, John and William Farr set to work.

They could not see their controls.

With sweat pouring from their bodies, with no way of knowing which metal lever or frame was charged with electricity, with the whole building threatening to collapse at any moment, with great lumps of debris crashing around them, they cleared the furnaces and saved the factory from going out of production.

Surely no two men ever did more to deserve the Medal of the Order of the British Empire (Civil Division) with which they were rewarded.

The Last Laugh

ARCHIE (Gloucester).—"You'll probably be very surprised to hear that I have joined the jolly old Air Force." Yes, we must have missed the announcement the Air Force made to that effect.

G. P. (Uxbridge).—"All this talk of standardised bread is a long way from the old-fashioned millers of our parents' day. Where are they now?" Gone with the windmills!

N. B. (Epping).—"I believe I had the unique experience of seeing a cuckoo in the forest during the first week of this month, but how can I prove it?" By finding out if Africa is one short.

L. F. (Ealing).—"I went for a ramble in the country last week-end and derived great benefit to health and mind. Do you find you achieve anything by long country walks?" Yes—blisters.

D. D. (Rainhill).—"The doctor had the nerve to charge me 3s. 6d. for painting my ankle with iodine." That was a bit steep, when one considers that you could get the whole of your cellar white-washed for ten bob.

F. A. (Benfleet).—"There's far too much made of politeness in this country—a little bluntness would be salutary and, in any case, what is etiquette, after all?" It's the noise you mustn't eat soup with!

B. M. (Bourne End).—"Don't you agree with me that angling is a cruel sport?" Rather. The last time we went fishing we were literally eaten up by flies, acquired three wasp stings, and had the skin taken off the back of our neck by the heat of the sun.

E. B. (Kent).—"What would you do if a bomb fell only thirty yards from where you were sleeping?" Wake up.

W. B. (Castleton).—"The Italian Air Force is a cowardly but vindictive one." No doubt the Greeks have a word for it.

G. T. (Wandsworth).—"I find that rolling cigarettes is a soothing occupation during air raids." Others prefer rolling out the barrel.

R. P. (East Coast).—"How can a poor tradesman make a living in a bombed area these days?" It certainly is hard to keep a roof over one's head.

S. J. (Cowes).—"If it were not for the war I should be cruising about the Mediterranean this winter." So would the Italian Navy.

M. W. (Chatham).—"I have found a good deep cellar to be the safest place when bombs are falling. Can you think of a safer?" Yes, the South Pole.

E. Y. (On the road).—"I have been selling pills and medicine in market places for ten years and have never had a complaint. What does that suggest?" Dead men tell no tales.

D. M. (Northwood).—"When I was late for work yesterday it was a great shock to find the boss there with watch in hand, all ready to blow me up." A sort of time-bomb.

F. S. (Runcorn).—"And may I ask a very personal question—have you a little ready cash?" What we have came to us so slowly that we hardly think it's ready to go.

O. D. (Boston).—"Some men will never realise that silence is golden—particularly in war time." Sergeant-majors, for instance.

B. T. (Oxford).—"I had a grilled herring for breakfast this morning and what do you think I found inside it?" Bones?

N. M. (Cambridge).—"Do you happen to know who holds the world's record for the long jump?" Sure to be some German airman.

B. E. T. (Shirley).—"There was a time when my husband used to call me a little dear; but he doesn't do that now." What does he call you now—a big expense?

PTE. S. (Yorkshire).—"The sergeant said he would give me a job for which my brains fitted me." And how do you like peeling potatoes?

B. S. (Motherwell).—"I have been told that Goebbels used to write fairy tales for children's papers." Now he's doing it for adults.

MRS. A. R. (London, N.).—"In my opinion, married men should wear a certain something to indicate that they are no longer single." But what about their shiny suits?

F. A. (Wigan).—"Honestly, the fish I caught was so big that I was in a quandary about getting it home. How do you think I managed it?" Took it on a corridor train?

V. B. (Cannock).—"My doctor, after examining me, said that he didn't like my heart action, and suggested that I had had some trouble with angina pectoris. But I hadn't." You mean that that wasn't her name?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume! Well, 'ow's darkest Europe, buddy?"

JOHN BULL'S WONDERFUL XMAS GIFT TO THE CHILDREN OF ITS READERS

LAST CHANCE!

The MAMMOTH BOOK of WORKING MODELS

Half Guinea WORK FOR 2/9 PLUS 1- Which includes Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

READERS! Christmas is the Children's Festival, and this year particularly you will want to give the kiddies as happy a time as possible. Here is your opportunity! It is "John Bull's" wonderful Xmas Gift for children of all ages—"THE MAMMOTHBOOK OF WORKING MODELS" AND THE WONDER POWER UNIT—the greatest idea of the century for children. This remarkable book is yours at a special privilege price, but you must ACT NOW! So tremendous is the demand that this offer must now be withdrawn. This is your LAST CHANCE! All applications must be dealt with in strict rotation. YOU SEND NO MONEY FOR THE BOOK NOW! But you must apply at once on the Order Label below.

Real models out of a book. Six large-size, lifelike, FULL COLOUR models and the Wonder Power Unit—All you have to do is open the book, then with a gentle pressure of the fingers you separate the model parts—put them together—and, hey presto!—they all work—just like the real thing. Full instructions are supplied with each book. There is a Full Kit of accessories, including spares, and a supply of special model glue. Now look at the models in the panel on the right.

For this amazing book you send, after you receive your invoice, only 2s. 9d. plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order Label below. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your privilege Voucher and printed matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:

"Model" Book Presentation, Dept. J.L.3,
39, Earlham Street, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

On receipt of Order Label "John Bull" will send an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home. YOUR CHILDREN are looking to you—war or no war—to give them a real Xmas—This wonderful Book will make them jump for joy! Don't miss this final opportunity! Post the Order Label below now—before it's too late.

The WONDER POWER UNIT which drives some of the working models is a reproduction of an electric motor or turbine with speed regulation, stop and start controls—it works without oil, steam, electricity, water or light, and is simple and absolutely harmless. Every child can work it. Size 13 in. high by 5 in. wide.

And now for the Six Models:

S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH
Size, 13 in. long by 1¼ in. wide. See it speed over the floor!

CHAIROPLANE
Size 20 in. diameter, 13 in. high. Watch the gaily coloured chains whirling round and round.

THE CRANE
Size, 6 in. high by 5¼ in. wide with a 10-in. arm. Picks up and lets down all manner of things.

THE VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE
Size, 8¼ in. high, base 4¼ in. The great wheel revolves like the real thing.

THE CAR OF THE FUTURE
Size 13¼ in. long by 4¼ in. wide.

SPINNING WHEEL
Size 6¼ in. high by 8 in. wide. See the lady move as she works the treadle.

HERE ARE THE MODELS
LOOK! THEY ALL WORK!
Real Models out of a Book! You simply open the Book, press out the parts, put them together, and they work like the real thing
VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE
S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH
SPINNING WHEEL
CHAIRPLANE
CRANE
CAR OF THE FUTURE

HURRY! POST FORMS ON LEFT AT ONCE!

..... CUT HERE .....

"MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS"

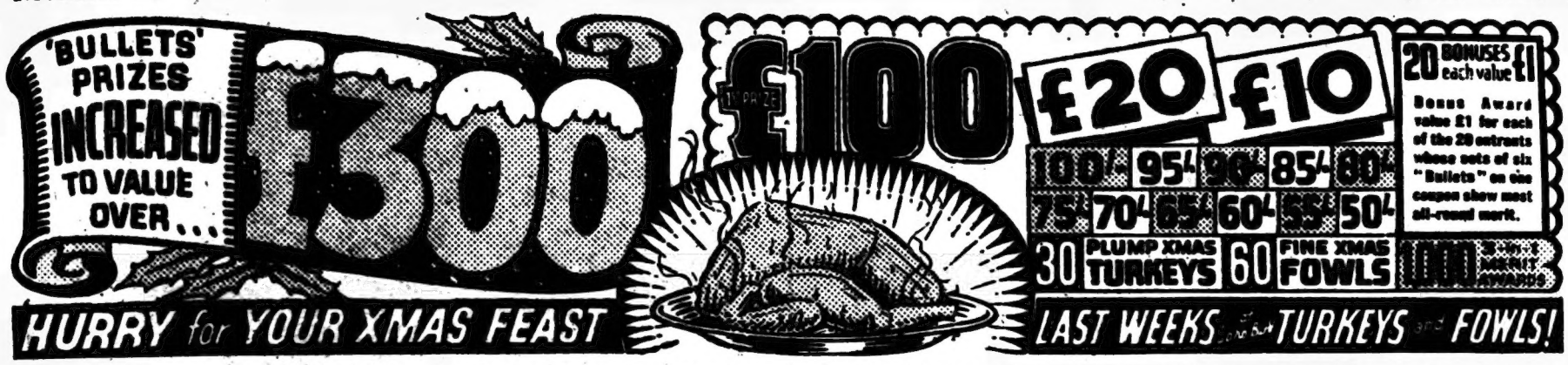
NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J. L.3 23/11/40.

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you. Write on left in BLOCK LETTERS.


'BULLETS' PRIZES INCREASED TO VALUE OVER...
£300
£100
£20
£10
100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/-
75/- 70/- 65/- 60/- 55/- 50/-
30 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS
60 FINE XMAS FOWLS
20 BONUSES each value £1
Bonus Award value £1 for each of the 20 entrants whose sets of six "Bullets" on the coupon show most all-round merit.
1000 MERIT AWARDS
HURRY for YOUR XMAS FEAST
LAST WEEKS for TURKEYS and FOWLS!

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,245

F. O. PASSOE, 66, Beacon Road, Camborne, Cornwall.
Example: HEART OF THE COUNTRY
Bullet: "LITTLE TERROR" PUT INTO.

£20, Second Prize: L. Gittleman, 106, Harehills Avenue, Leeds.
Example: Invincible
Bullet: Unstoppable, Irresistiberry, Dependable—Churchill.

£10, Third Prize: R. W. Ruff, 323, Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.
Example: Men With A Smile
Bullet: Trapped—"Bullets Shooting First!"

100s.: S. Wallwork, 7, Kenilworth Grove, Audenshaw.
When Hitler Instructs—Stooges, "*Little Children Suffer.*"

80s.: J. Graham, Torland, Ashgill, Larkhall, Lanarkshire.
In The Hot Of The Battle—France "Bolted"—Britain "Expanded."

60s.: G. Wise, 28, Dorchester Road, Weymouth (P.C.).
Test Of Endurance—Shoring's Banquet—Pitt's Guest!

40s.: A. Maxwell, 22, Pollux Gate, Fairhaven, Lytham.
Somewhere Safe—*Money Hiding Rich*, Shaw!

30s.: B. Bonar, 69, Foyle Road, Londonderry, N. Ireland.
Somewhere Safe—Children—Parents "Playing Game."

30s.: F. Brewin, 3, Watergate, Grantham.
No Place For Exits—Only *Britain's* "Superiority" Complex.

30s.: E. Brown, 25, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
John Citizen—*Bearing* Like A Trooper.

30s.: J. Cail, Lowry Hill, Kingstown, Carlisle.
When Hitler Promised—"Hess," Overlooked Britain's "Stars."

30s.: Mrs. H. Fisher, 9, Whitehurst Avenue, Hitchin, Herts.
Gave Dad A Job—Bomb—Behaving Neighbour's *Garden!*

30s.: M. Philburn, 39, Old Godley Lane, Stump Cross, Halifax.
Test Of Courage—Churchill's "Spunk" Removing "Duds."

30s.: R. Rowe, 138, Holmesdale Street, Cardiff.
Test Of Friendship—Rescued Bombed Neighbour's *Radio!*

30s.: Mrs. M. Shurmer, 4, Kitchener Avenue, Gloucester (P.C.).
John Citizen—In Uniform, Defending Individuality.

List of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys can be seen at these offices and 1,000 3-in-1 Merit Awards have been posted.

THIS WAY TO WIN!

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and there is a *Bullet* which may win you a grand Turkey for your Christmas table or, better still, that £100 First Prize.

The Winning *Bullets* in the adjoining column show just how easily a few words can capture a useful cheque. And here on the right is a *Bullets* coupon inviting YOUR prize efforts. Get busy without delay and the next *Bullets* Joy Wire may well be for you!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

HOW BRITAIN STANDS
MUSSOLINI
OUR WORST ENEMY
CHRISTMAS
WINSTON'S A STRONG MAN, SO TO AVOID A PANIC
MAN WHO'S FIT
SHOULD BE GOOD
OUR WEATHER
BLOWN TO BITS
HOLE IN THE ROAD
BURNING QUESTION
WIFEY'S A BRICK, BUT
DOGS OF WAR
LIKE A PANTOMIME
LOSE NO TIME AND
SUPREME
HAPPY EVENT
COMING CLOSER
HEAVEN HELP THE NAZIS WHEN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Dreams Of..... Mighty .....
Baby's..... Crying .....
Hell For..... Getting Over The.....

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to opposite form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, crossed & Co., with names and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally countersigned and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on Right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE
Send P.O. or stamps at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

ADDRESS ENTRY
"Bullets" No. 1,249, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

Closing Postmark **1,249** SAT., NOV. 30

Signed .....

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of POST-FREE BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.
ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and then obtain your POST-FREE Bulletin with special help for Crosswordists. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
62

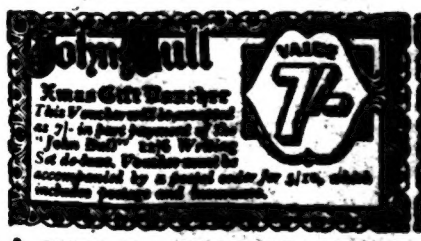
STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

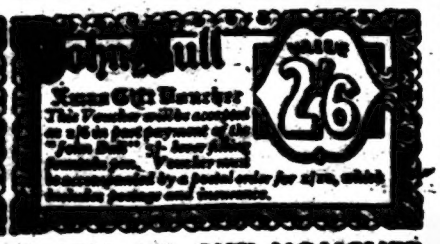
AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

John Bull's Xmas Gift to You

DON'T BE TOO LATE!


John Bull
VALUE 7/6
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 14ct Writing Set de luxe. Vouchers must be accompanied by a postal order for 2/6, which includes postage and insurance.


John Bull
VALUE 2/6
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 14ct Fine Writing Fountain Pen. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 2/6, which includes postage and insurance.

A FREE 7/- GIFT VOUCHER will be accepted as 7/- each in part payment of "John Bull's" Writing Set de luxe. The Set offered gives a choice with a large 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib, iridium-pointed, for fine and medium writing, complete in presentation case.
Written 5-year Guarantee with this Set.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER will be accepted as 2/6 each in part payment of "John Bull's" 14-ct. fine writing fountain pen. This streamlined pen, beautifully chased, is fitted with a 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib tipped with iridium.
Written 2-year Guarantee with this Pen.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 172, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose 6d. Voucher value 7/- which I accept as part payment of the "John Bull" 14-ct. Writing Set de luxe. I enclose P.O. for 2/- plus 4d. for postage and insurance, total 2/4 p.o.

OR

(2) I enclose 6d. Voucher value 2/6 which I accept as part payment of the "John Bull" 14-ct. fine writing fountain pen. I enclose P.O. for 2/4 p.o. for the pen and postage and insurance, total 2/10 p.o.

PENS—MEDIUM or FINE. Cross out section of nib NOT required.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 4/8 only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write plainly. Cheque or Postal Order 4d. Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

READERS who have not yet applied for "John Bull's" great Christmas gift should do so without delay. This wonderful offer is breaking all records. "John Bull" invites you to accept one or both of these magnificent offers, and promotes you with two Free Christmas Gift Vouchers—one value 7/- and the other value 2/6—which will be accepted by "John Bull" as cash in part payment. Post the voucher or vouchers on the left, together with the Christmas Gift Coupon to-day.
Written 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with this PEN
ONE OR BOTH GIFTS take your choice
POST at ONCE!
Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET
BRITISH MADE

BIG NEW 1/- size

NEW SIZE! EXTRA VALUE!

The demand for a large tube of Solidox Toothpaste has become so insistent that John Knight Ltd. have decided to market a new 1/- size without delay. This new size is even bigger value than ever. Get a tube from your usual stockist today! Teeth that are brilliantly white in front but stained with ugly tartar behind are dangerous "White Lies." That is where Solidox comes to the rescue. Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains ricinosulphate, the ingredient which disperses tartar and prevents it reforming on the backs of teeth. With Solidox you have teeth that are clean back and front, dazzling white and healthy.

TWO SIZES — 6d. and 1/-

SOL 34-783-55 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

TO ALL who are RUN-DOWN or suffer from NERVES INDIGESTION INSOMNIA LACK of ENERGY—

-A HELPING HAND

IT'S IN YOUR HANDS to end Nervous Indigestion brought on by the strain and anxiety of present times—overcome Run-Down Condition—BUILD UP to face the future with confidence. Vitamin-Yeast in the form of Yestamin is a truly wonderful tonic that bucks up the spirits as it builds up vitality. It so vitalises the nourishing elements of ordinary food that they really put NEW LIFE into you. Take 2 tablets of Yestamin with meals and you can FEEL your food and Yestamin doing you good. Blood is purified, Nerves strengthened, a natural Laxative action given. All this without Drugs and their depressing reaction. The effect of Yestamin LASTS—as you can prove with the offer below.

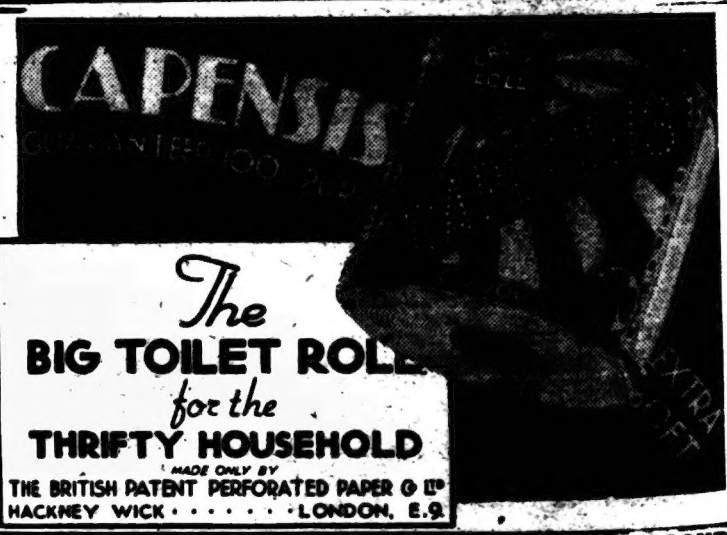
YESTAMIN

VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS

Of all Chemists

OUR OFFER. GET 7d. or 1/1½ YESTAMIN TIN—begin your "Mealtime Ration" of 2 Tablets. You will be DELIGHTED with your daily growing HEALTH IMPROVEMENT—or return unused Tablets in Tin to Yestamin Co., Burton-on-Trent, when FULL purchase price will be RETURNED IMMEDIATELY.

40 Tablets for 7d. 100 Tablets for 1/1½ 225 Tablets for 2/3



The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

MADE ONLY BY THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO LTD HACKNEY WICK · · · · · · LONDON, E.9.

Bacon or hash, sausage and mash,
War'fare's' improved with a generous dash.

SAYS Master O'Kay —the Saucy Boy

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

PUT ON POUNDS

Thanks to IRVONA Brand NERVE and BODY BUILDER you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! *Read this case*—"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a thin underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from IRVONA (Dept. 207), 1, GREEK ST., LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

BE PROUD OF YOUR FIGURE.

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NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

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